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I AM SAD TO-NIGHT.

BY R. JOHNSON.

O, ask me not to dance to-night,
My heart is sad, my spirits low,
And one should feel joy's pure delight,
To point the gay fantastic toe.
And saddened thought so ill befits
The hours of mirth in place like this
While gloom in silence near me sits
I am too sad for scenes of bliss.

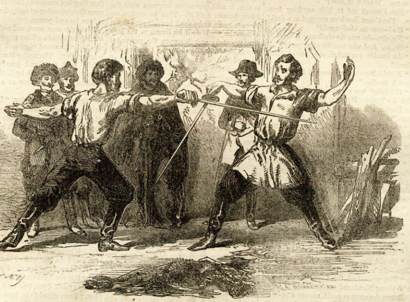
Those faces I was wont to see,
The ebon curl, and sparkling eye,
And feet that moved so light and free,
Are changed, grown dim, or silent lie.
Then, how can I be gay to-night?
While Time's dark wing is o'er me spread,
And manhood's care, or sorrow's blight,
But tell of pleasure, long since dead.

And while I live again those hours,
When youth and love together met,
I tread anew those happy bowers,
And sigh, and wish them back, and yet
Their fond remembrance is more dear,
The more I try to blot the sight,
I see those forms still hovering near,
O, how can I be gay to-night?

No, let me spend this hour away,
While others seek 'mid joy its bliss,
I'd rather grief would hold its sway,
Than cheat my heart in mirth like this.
Why should I mingle in a throng,
Where joy from folly takes its birth?
While I've no heart for dance or song,
My sadness would but mar your mirth.

Those forms I knew when I was young,
And those beloved in manhood's day,
Are welcome guests home scenes among,
O call me not from them away;
O, ask me not to dance to-night,
My thoughts are with those loved ones dead,
No, I would seek those halls more bright,
And move where spirits lighter tread.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., April, 1856.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THE DUEL BETWEEN COUNT CONRAD DAMONOFF AND RURIC NEVEL.

THE
GUN MAKER OF MOSCOW;
OR,
VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

There was some contrast between the two combatants, but not much apparently. The Count was a little the tallest and Ruric was some the heaviest. But to a close observer there was a peculiar contrast in the bearing of the two men. That breast, swelling out so nobly, and those massive shoulders, made for the seat of physical power, were Ruric's alone to possess. Yet Conrad Damonoff was accounted a strong man. In the athletic sports of the club-court he had few superiors, and not many equals. But Ruric Nevel had never shown his strength there.

Now, for the first time, that contemptuous look passed from the Count's face. As his eye caught his antagonist's position—as he noticed the calm, dignified, quiet ease of every limb; and as he caught the deep, mystic fire of those expressive eyes, he knew that he had no common amateur to deal with.

At length Conrad Damonoff started back, and a quick cry escaped his lips. His antagonist's point had touched his bosom—it had pressed against his heart, and had not been driven home. Well he knew that his life was his no longer, for the gun-maker had gained it, and—spared it.

"You fence well," he gasped, struggling to regain his composure.

"*You* are not a novice," returned Ruric, calmly, at the same time allowing his point to drop.

"Come on," the Count uttered, now gathering all his energies for another effort.

And again the weapons were crossed. This time Damonoff was more guarded. Before he had been impelled by his own assurance; but now he was forced to regard his opponent's power. Ruric quickly found that the other was more careful than at first, and he carried his own point accordingly. At the twelfth stroke the Count made a feint to the left—then at the throat, and then, with a quick, lightning-like motion, he brought his point to his antagonist's heart. But his meaning had been read from the first by Ruric. The youth caught the motion of the eye, and he saw that his heart was the place looked to. His own movement was almost instinctive. He received his antagonist's sword midway upon his own blade—then moved his arm quickly forward and caught that point under his cross-guard;—then, with all his power, he wrenched his arm upward and backward, and the Count's sword went flying across the building. It struck the opposite wall with a dull clang, and on the next instant it was half buried in the snow.

"Fear not, sir," said Ruric, as the Count started back with both hands raised, "I never strike an unarmed man."

Damonoff's arms fell to his side, and a deep blush of shame mantled his face.

"By St. Paul," cried the surgeon, "your life is forfeit, sir Count; and now you should be satisfied."

"No, no," the discomfited man exclaimed, starting up with rage and mortification. "That was but a slip. 'Twas a false step—a cowardly feint. I am not yet overcome."

"But, man of mortality, even now your life is Nevel's. He may run you through now if he chooses."

"But he has not," the Count cried, springing to where his sword had fallen, and snatching it up.

"Sir Count," here spoke Ruric, calmly, but with marked contempt, "you should not blame me for what I have done, for thrice have you tried to break my sword."

"Then try it again!" Damonoff returned. "Take my sword again if you can."

"Perhaps not," our hero retorted. But be sure your sword shall be used no more after this day."

"Ha! Brag not, but strike. If you can——"

The conclusion of the sentence was drowned by the clash of steel.

At the second stroke the Count made another furious thrust at his antagonist's heart. Ruric sprang quickly aside, and with the whole power of his good right arm he struck Damonoff's blade close to the haft and broke it in twain.

"My other sword! my other sword!" the Count shouted, now blinded by absolute madness. "Oh, give me my other——"

"Hold!" cried both the surgeon and Stephen Urzen in concert. "You are mad, Conrad."

"Mad?—Oh, I shall be mad! Where is my sword!" the reckless man yelled, casting the bladeless pommel down.

"But will you not listen one——"

"Away, I say! Shall I give up because my sword is broke? By the Gods, the weapon deceived me. Where is the other?"

"Deceived thee, Conard?" repeated the surgeon, sarcastically. "By the holy host, had thy head but received a hundredth part of that blow, 'twould not be upon thy shoulders now."

But the Count was beyond all reason. In his madness he saw not that his sword had been broken on purpose. He did not see that he had been at his antagonist's mercy. But his friends saw it all.

"Ha! whom have we here?" cried Alaric, whose eye had caught a dark form at the entrance of the old building.

It was Valdimir the monk.

"How now? What seek ye here?" asked Urzen, as the fat, burly monk waddled towards the party.

"I heard the clash of arms, my son, as I rode by, and I stopped to see what it was. Surely, where the work of death is going on a child of the holy church of God may come."

"Aye," cried the Count, "come in welcome, but meddle not. Now!—my sword!—where is it?"

Reluctantly Urzen brought forward the second sword, but ere he gave it up he said,—

"Beware, Conrad. You had better——"

"Peace, babbler!" the excited fool hissed, snatching the weapon, and then turning quickly upon the gun-maker.

Thus far Ruric had remained silent, but he felt it his duty to speak now.

"Sir Count," he said, in a tone so stern and authoritative, and with a look so commanding, that the other was held in obeyance by it, "I must speak one word. You have provoked a quarrel with me—and you have challenged me. I have no fear of death when duty calls for my life, but I would not die thus, nor would I slay a fellow-being thus. Six separate times to-day, since our swords first crossed, have I spared your life.——"

"Liar!"

——"And twice have I had you before me unarmed," Ruric continued, without noticing the interruption. "I had hoped this would have shown you that I sought not harm to you; and, furthermore, that you were no match for me at this kind of work."

"Out, fool!" yelled Damonoff, now fairly frothing with rage. "If you dare not cross swords again, say so; but do not crawl off like a coward!"

"One word more," uttered Ruric, paling for an instant beneath the unmerciful insult of the senseless tongue that assailed him;—and he stood proudly erect while he spoke,—"before these men here assembled, and before my God, I swear, that thus far I have spared you; but my own life may be the forfeit if I trifle with you more. So now—beware! You have sufficient warning!"

Perhaps the Count really overlooked the facts of which Ruric had spoken. In his ungovernable rage he may have fancied that 'twas only accident that had worked against him. However, he started forward once more, and made a furious lunge at his antagonist.

"Now," he gasped, "play your best, for my sword's my own!"

But Ruric spoke not. He saw that the Count was stronger than before,—for his rage seemed to give him a maniac's power—and that he was earnest only for life or death. He struck quickly and furiously, and his movements were strange and unprecedented. He threw up all rules of exercise, and cut and thrust only in wild madness. Twice Ruric came nigh being run through. He lost all run of his opponent's play, and quickly saw that he must put a stop to the conflict, or run the risk of leaving a childless mother in his home to see that day's sun sink."

"Will you give o'er?" he asked, as he struck the Count's point down.

"Never! Submit to such as you? Bah!"

A few moments more the conflict lasted. One more opportunity he had at Damonoff's heart—and he spared him. All present saw it save the mad man.

"Fool!" uttered the monk, who trembled from head to foot with excitement, his huge belly shaking like a bag of jelly, "will you throw away your own life, Ruric Nevel? Shall I tell your mother you left her of your own will?"

This mention of his mother called the last lingering doubt from Ruric's mind. Again he struck the opposing point down, and then he pressed his own point upon the Count's bosom. He avoided the heart—he tried to avoid the vitals,—but he threw his arm forward, and his glittering blade passed through the fool's body. With an expression of pain upon his features he started back, and rested his reeking point upon the trodden snow. The Count came furiously on again, but he struck wildly, and at random. Ruric merely warding off his blows, until finally his arm sank. On the next moment his sword fell from his nerveless grasp, and he sank fainting back into the arms of his attendants.

CHAPTER VI.
BEFORE THE EMPEROR.

"Is he dead?" asked Ruric, starting quickly forward.

"Hold, my son," uttered the monk, laying his hand upon the young man's arm. "Surely you have nothing to fear. It was none of your work—no more than as if you had ran your sword to the heart of a wild beast that had attacked you."

"But I did not touch his heart," quickly returned the youth. "I was careful of that. I would have struck him upon the head with the flat of my sword, but I feared I might break his skull."

"He is not dead yet," answered the surgeon, as Ruric pressed forward and asked the question a second time. "He has only fainted from the shock of the blow coupled with his own fears and passions."

"But will he die?" Ruric asked, kneeling down by the fallen man's side.

"I cannot yet tell," the doctor said, at the same time wiping the blood away, which was flowing freely.

"But why not probe the wound now?" suggested the monk. "Now is the best time, for the place is not yet inflamed; and while he is thus insensible he will be free from pain."

The surgeon at once saw the truth and propriety of this, and he proceeded to act upon the suggestion. Having selected a probe which appeared applicable, he examined the wound. Ruric watched him eagerly, and with a painful expression.

"I do not think this wound is mortal," the surgeon reported, as he carefully felt his way along the course the steel had taken. "It has passed below the right lung, and only severed some of the smaller blood-vessels. I think, with proper care, he may recover."

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated Ruric, with his hands clasped.

"But why so anxious?" asked Urzen. "You were ready enough to accept his challenge."

"Aye—else you would have called me coward," returned the gun-maker, with a flashing eye. "Had I refused to meet him that fatal word would have met me at every turn. I knew that such a man as he was no cope for me at any game where strength of arm and slight of hand were required. So I meant to disarm him, and then give him up his life, believing that such a move would end the combat. You know how I labored to spare him. But I could not. Yet I would not have the life of a fellow-being—a countryman—upon my hands in such a quarrel. My father died fighting for his country—and so would I die if my death must come from the hand of man; but to die thus would be a curse upon my name—and to inflict such death upon another would be a curse in my memory."

"I believe you, my son," the monk said. "Only if the Count dies you should not allow such feelings as you mention to overcome you. In no way are you to blame for this."

"True, father—you speak truly," added the surgeon. "The young man has acted most nobly, and no blame can be attached to him."

Ruric seemed somewhat relieved by these assurances, and having seen the Count's wound dressed, and assisted in bearing the insensible form to the sledge, he took Alaric's proffered arm and proceeded to his own team.

"Who is that monk?" asked the lieutenant as they entered their sledge.

"I only know that he is called Valdimir," returned Ruric. "I have only seen him once before. Have you ever seen him ere this?"

"Yes—several times about our barracks. He has been there when some of our poor fellows have been sick and dying. He seems to be a good hearted man, and, I should judge, quite intelligent."

"I agree with you there," our hero said. "I think he is a good man; but there is nevertheless a mystery about him which I cannot solve. His countenance is familiar to me, and yet I cannot tell where, nor when, I have seen him."

"Aye," added Alaric, quickly and eagerly; "that is precisely the case with me. I am very sure that I have seen that man under different circumstances. And others of our company have thought the same."

The two men watched the movements of the monk while they thus spoke, and they noticed that he entered his sledge and drove off towards Borodino.

"Ruric," said the lieutenant, after they had ridden some little distance, and at the same time gazing wonderingly into his companion's face, "you handle the sword like a magician. By my soul, I'd give all I own at this present moment—my commission and all—if I could handle the sword as you can."

"I do understand the weapon passing well," returned the youth, modestly; "but I have worked hard to gain the science."

"Ah—'tis not *all* science," the officer added. "That wondrous strength of yours is a host in itself."

"And yet," said Ruric, I have seen weaker men than myself who would overcome me easily;—or, at least, who might overcome me."

"But they were not in this city," suggested Orsa, with a peculiar shake of the head.

"True, Alaric. I am not in the habit of mentioning my own powers; but yet I may say, that there is no man in Moscow who is my superior in the use of any sort of offensive arms."

The lieutenant read[illegible]mitted the truth of this, and then the conversation turned upon the subject of the Count, and the course he had pursued with respect to the event which had just transpired. This conversation lasted until they reached the door of Ruric's residence, and having thanked his friend for his kindness, and expressed the hope that at some time he might have opportunity to return some adequate favor, the gun-maker entered the house.

The widow sat in her great chair by the fire, and she was pale and anxious. Her brow was supported by her hands, and at every sound from without she would start up with a frightened expression and listen. At length the sound of bells struck upon her ear—they came nearer and nearer—and they stopped at her door. She would have arisen, but she could not. With her hands clasped she bent eagerly forward, and listened with a frantic interest. Soon the door opened. Surely no one but *him* would enter without knocking. She started to her feet—the inner door opened—a male form stood before her.

"Mother!"

"Ruric!—My boy!—Safe!"

She tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of her noble son, and while she wound her arms tightly about him she murmured her thanks to God.

By and by the widow became more calm, but still there was an earnest, eager look of fear upon her face. Ruric saw it, and he knew well what it meant.

"Mother," he said, "the Count is not dead."

"Nor wounded?" she uttered, quickly and eagerly.

"Yes—badly. But listen: I could not help it." And thereupon he related all the circumstances connected with the conflict. When he had concluded his mother pondered a few moments, and then she said,—

"Surely, my son, I will try and suffer nothing from this, even should the wicked man die. In all you acted but upon the defensive. From the first he has only been intent on attacking you; and on the battle-ground he would have killed you if he could."

"Most surely he would, mother. Aye—he would not have hesitated to stab me in the back could he have gained the opportunity. He was mad beyond all self-control, and his eagerness to kill me was only equalled by his chagrin at being overcome by one whom he had hoped easily to conquer."

After this Ruric went to his shop, but Paul manifested no great emotion upon beholding him.

"You seem to take it as a matter of course that I should return alive and well," said the gun-maker, with a smile.

"Why—of course," returned the boy, composedly. "What would a score of such men as he be to you? Conrad Damonoff hold a sword before Ruric Nevel?—No, I only smiled when I heard his challenge. I should have as soon thought of being anxious about your return from a marten hunt."

Ruric smiled at his boy's peculiar eagerness of expression, but he felt a degree of pride in his words, nevertheless.

It was towards the latter part of the afternoon that Ruric was somewhat startled by seeing some of the Imperial guard approaching his house; and ere long afterwards his mother came to him, pale and trembling, and informed him that he was wanted by the Emperor's officers.

"Oh!" she groaned, with clasped hands, and tearful eyes, "they will take you from me now."

"Fear not, my mother," the youth confidently returned. "The Emperor will not blame me when he knows all the particulars.—But come—let us go in."

Ruric found the officers—three of them—in the kitchen, and he asked them if they sought him.

"We seek Ruric Nevel, the gun-maker," returned the leader.

"I am the man, sir. May I know what is wanted?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"Why—yes. I suppose it must be on account of the duel which was fought this morning."

"Exactly."

"And who wants me?"

"Who should want you but the Emperor?"

"Oh! they will not take my noble boy from me!" cried Claudia, catching the officer by the arm. "Tell our good Emperor that Russia has taken my husband from me—that he fell in his country's cause. Tell him my boy was not to blame——"

"Hush, mother," interposed Ruric. "Fear not yet."

"Come," said the leader. "It is growing late, and Peter will not brook delay."

"But they will not harm him!" the mother frantically cried, clinging now to her son.

"No, no, my mother. Rest you easy here until I return." And then turning to the guard he added,—"Lead on, and I will follow."

"Now rest you easy, my dear mother;" and with these words Ruric gently sat her back into her chair, and then hastened out after the officers. In the entry he put on his bonnet and pelisse, and then followed his conductors out to the street, where stood a double sledge, with two horses attached.

"You seem to look upon the killing of a Russian nobleman as a very small affair," said one of the officers, after they had started on their way.

"Is he dead, then?" Rurick quickly asked.

"The doctors think his case a critical one. But that is not the thing: You would have killed him if you could."

"No, no. By heavens, 'tis not so. All who were present will swear that I tried to spare him."

"Very well," returned the officer. "We shall see about that when we come to the palace. Perhaps you may go clear;—but, upon my soul, I would not willingly [illegible]py your place."

Ruric cared not to argue the point with those who knew nothing about the circumstances, so he remained silent during the rest of the ride. It was near sundown when they reached the Imperial Palace, and Ruric was conducted at once into the Emperor's presence.

The Emperor Peter was in one of the smaller audience chambers, sitting at a large table covered with purple velvet heavily wrought with gold, and upon either hand stood some of his private attendants. He was a young man, not yet so old as Ruric by some three years, but his face already wore a mature look. His frame was solid, but not large—being rather slight than otherwise in physical bulk. His dress betrayed negligence and carelessness, and was in marked contrast with the rich garbs of his attendants. Such was Peter of Russia—yet a youth—small in frame, and careless of those graces which go to make up the sum of court life; but still able to bear the affairs of a great nation upon his shoulders. Within that head worked a mighty brain, and in that bosom beat a heart thirsting more for the good of Russia than for self or kindred.

Ruric saw Stephen Urzen and the surgeon there; and he also saw the Duke of Tula there. He met the Duke's eye, and a peculiar sensation of fear ran through his mind as he saw the stern, threatening expression that rested upon Olga's face.

"Sire," spoke the leader of those who had conducted the prisoner thither, "Ruric Nevel stands before you."

"Ah," uttered Peter, casting his eagle eye over the forms before him. "Nevel—advance."

With a bold, yet modest step, Ruric advanced to the table, and with a low bow he awaited the Emperor's pleasure. There was a shudder perceptible in the frames of those who wished the prisoner well, for well they knew their mighty ruler's iron will and sternness of legal purpose.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING TRIAL.

In order to understand the circumstances under which Ruric was brought before the Emperor it will be necessary to go back a few hours. The autocrat had occasion to send for the surgeon, Kopani, who had attended at the duel, and as he was some time in answering the summons he was questioned, when he did come, concerning his tardiness. His answer was, that he had been attending the Count Damonoff.

"And what ails the Count?" asked the Emperor. "He was well yesterday."

"Yes—but he has met with an accident to-day."

"Look ye, Kopani," the young ruler cried, who saw in an instant that something unusual had happened, "think not to conceal anything from me. What is it, now?"

"Sire, I meant not to hide anything from you. The Count has been engaged in a duel."

"Ha!—was he challenged?"

"No, sire—he was the challenger."

"So, so. And who was the other party?"

"An humble gun-maker, sire, named Ruric Nevel."

"Nevel—Nevel—" soliloquised Peter. "The name is familiar."

"His father was a captain in the last war with the Turks. He arose from the ranks under Feodor, and was one of the bravest of the brave."

"Captain Nevel—Ah, yes. I remember now. He and Valdai were the two who first mounted the ramparts at Izium. So the old despatches read."

"Yes, sire. Poor Nevel was shot a month afterwards while leading his brave company against a whole squadron of Turkish infantry, while Valdai came home and got a colonel's commission."

"And afterwards received a title," added Peter.

"Yes, sire."

"And this gun-maker is this captain's son?"

"Yes, sire."

"And methinks Valdai left a child."

"He did, sire—a daughter, who is now with Olga—she is his ward."

"Yes, yes.—And the Count fought a duel with young Nevel, and got beaten, eh?"

Before the surgeon could answer a page entered the chamber and announced that the Duke of Tula wished to see his imperial master.

The Emperor directed that he should be admitted; and ere long afterwards the proud Duke entered the apartment. He was a tall, stout man, with light hair, and blue eyes, and not far from five-and-forty years of age. His bearing was haughty, though he was forced to a show of respect now that he was before his master.

"Sire," spoke the Duke, after the usual salutations had passed, "I have come to demand justice at thy hands. My young friend, the Count Conrad Damonoff, has been most brutally murdered."

"Ha!" Say ye so, Olga?"

"Yes, sire."

"But how was it?"

"Thus it was, sire: On the day before yesterday I sent the Count with a message to one Ruric Nevel, who is a gun-maker in the Slohoda. He went as I wished, and while there, the gun-maker, who is a huge fellow, provoked a quarrel, and knocked the nobleman down. Of course the Count was offended, and as the ruffian threatened to repeat the offence, and as he furthermore grossly insulted a noble lady whom the Count held most dear, he could hardly help challenging him. The fellow accepted the challenge, and has succeeded, by the most cowardly manouvering, in inflicting upon him a mortal wound."

"This is a serious affair," said the Emperor, who had not failed to notice the astonished look of the surgeon while the Duke was telling his story.

"It is most serious, sire; and surely the ruffian should be at once executed."

"But did you not say that the Count challenged him?"

"I did, sire; but you must remember that it was an instinct of self-preservation with the noble Count. The fellow would have undoubtedly murdered him had he not taken this course."

"Were you present at the duel, my lord?"

"No, sire; but I have a friend without who was present."

"Then you may bring him in."

The Duke departed, and when he returned Stephen Urzen bore him company.

"This is the man, sire," Olga said, as he led his companion forward.

The Emperor gazed upon Urzen a few moments in silence, and then he said,—

"You were present at this duel, were you not, sir?"

"I was, sire," the man answered, bowing low.

"And he was at their first meeting also, sire," interposed the Duke.

"Ah—yes.—Then you know all about the affair?"

"Yes, sire," answered Urzen.

"Then tell me about it."

"First, sire," commenced the man, casting a sort of assuring glance at the Duke, "the Count went to the gun-maker's shop to get him to—to——"

"Let me explain here, sire," interrupted the Duke, as his puppet hesitated. "This man may not know properly about that mission. Living with me is a young girl—a ward of mine—a gentle, timid being, who has been somewhat a comfort to me in my loneliness. In childhood she was acquainted with this Ruric Nevel, and now the fellow has presumed thereupon several times to insult her of late with his disgusting familiarity. She dared not remonstrate with him for fear of violence, so she referred the matter to me. The Count has been anxious to win her for a wife, so I thought him not an improper person to send on the delicate mission. Accordingly I wrote a sort of promise—in the form of a voluntary assurance—pledging the signer not to make himself familiar with the lady any more. And at the same time he received the assurance that his presence was very disagreeable to the person mentioned. This I supposed he would sign at once; and as the Count aspired to her hand I deemed it no more than right that he should render her this service. Now, sire, this gentleman may continue."

Thus bidden Urzen resumed:

"The noble Count was desirous, sire, that I should accompany him, and I did so. Upon reaching the man's shop we found him at work upon a gun-lock, I think. He received the note, but refused to sign it. The Count urged him to sign, in mild, persuasive language until the fellow became insolent. Then he used some stronger terms, and I think he made some threat of what he would do if his insults to the lady were repeated; and thereupon the gun-maker struck him a furious blow in the face and knocked him down. I cannot remember all the threatening language which the fellow used, but it was fearful."

"And how about the duel?" asked the Emperor.

In answer to this Urzen went on and related what he had prepared on the subject; and it need only be said that the report was about on a par with what we have already heard. He even went so far as to swear that the Count had tried repeatedly to compromise matters after the conflict had began—that he begged of Nevel to give up the battle; but that the latter, thirsting for the young nobleman's blood, kept hotly, madly at it!

It was at this juncture, and without referring to the surgeon, that the Emperor sent for Ruric; and having learned that a lieutenant of the Khitagorod guard was present at the duel, he sent for him also. Orsa arrived first, and was present when Ruric came.

And now Ruric Nevel stood before his Emperor. Peter gazed upon him for some moments, and then he said,—

"Sir, thy bearing is bold."

"Why should it not be, sire, when I stand before one whom I honor and respect, and do not fear?" So spoke Ruric calmly, and with peculiar dignity.

"Not fear?" repeated the autocrat, sternly.

"No, sire. Peter of Russia is not a man to be feared by those who love and honor him."

"Insolence!" uttered the Duke.

The Emperor looked up into his face, and he added,—

"Now, sire, you can see for yourself some of his traits of character."

"Aye," returned Peter, "I see. They are wonderful. I knew not that among my artizans there were men of such boldness."

The Duke knew not how to interpret this, and he moved back a pace.

"Now, sir," resumed Peter, turning to the gun-maker, "how dared you strike a Russian nobleman?"

"I did not, sire. Conrad Damonoff came to my shop, and he brought me a paper, in which I was required, or ordered, to relinquish all claims to the hand of——"

"Sire," interposed the Duke, "he misstates——"

"Never mind, broke in the Emperor, with an authoritative wave of the hand, "we will hear nothing about the lady here.—Why did you strike the Count?"

"Because, sire, he descended from his station and struck me. He threw away that peculiar shield which should protect the nobleman, and struck me without provocation."

"And then you knocked him down?"

"I did, sire."

"And perhaps you would have done the same to me."

"Sire," answered the youth, quickly, "when Damonoff tried by threats to make me sign his paper I told him there was but one man on earth at whose order I would do that thing. The man who has the *right* to command shall never have occasion to strike me."

There was something in this reply, and more in the tone and bearing of him who spoke it, that made the Duke tremble. He saw plainly that the Emperor's eyes sparkled with admiration as they rested upon the gun-maker.

"But now about this duel," resumed the Emperor. "How dared you take advantage of the Count in the conflict?"

"Advantage, sire?" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"Aye. Did he not, Stephen Urzen?"

"He did, sire," replied the man thus addressed.

"And which of the two do you call the best swordsman?" Peter asked.

"Why, sire—the Count is, or was, vastly his superior.

"And what say you, sir lieutenant?"

Alaric trembled, for this was addressed to him. He knew that the Duke was anxious to crush his friend, and he feared to draw the wrath of that powerful nobleman down upon his head. But a happy thought came to his aid.

"Sire," he said, "I would rather you would judge of that for yourself."

"Me judge? And how am I to do that?"

"Let Ruric Nevel's skill be tried here before you. If I mistake not you have some good swordsmen near your palace. There is Demetrius the Greek."

"What—my Master-at-Arms?"

"Yes, sire."

"Why—he is the best swordsman in my empire. I think our young adventurer would fare badly in his hands."

"Never mind, sire; you could judge."

"Why," said Peter, with a smile, "Demetrius handles the Count as I would a mere child."

"Sire," spoke Ruric, modestly, but yet frankly, "it were surely no disgrace to be overcome by your tutor."

"And will you take a turn with him at the swords?"

"Yes, sire—if so it please you."

"By my soul," cried the Emperor, leaping up, "we'll have some diversion out of this trial. What ho, there! Light up the chamber.—Let every lamp be lighted, for we want sight now. Send Demetrius here—and tell him to bring his round-edged swords!"

Both the Duke and Urzen stood aghast at this new turn, but they dared not interfere, for they saw that their imperial master was all excitement now to see a trial of skill at that science which, above all others, he tried to make his officers learn of physical work. But then they had one hope: Demetrius might overcome the gun-maker so easily that Peter should not see his real power.

Demetrius soon came, and under his arm he carried the swords. They were of the common size, but with round edges and points on purpose for play. The master-at-arms was a powerfully built man, and possessed a splendid form. He was a Greek by birth, and was now retained by the Emperor as a teacher of the sword exercise.

"Demetrius," said Peter, "I have sent for you to entertain us with a show of your skill. Here is a man about whose power there is some dispute. Mind you—it is all in kindness. —Ruric Nevel, take your weapon."

The youth stepped forward and extended his left hand for the sword, and the right hand he extended for the other to grasp. It was taken warmly, for the Greek saw in an instant that he had a noble man to deal with. And those two men were not much unlike in form. Demetrius was an atom the tallest, but Ruric showed the most muscle.

The night had come on, but the great lamps were all lighted, and the room was as bright as day.

"Sir," said Ruric, addressing the Greek, "this is none of my seeking, though I will confess that for a long while I have longed to cross a playful sword with you. I play well."

"I like you," the Greek returned, bluntly and kindly; "and if you beat me I will not like you less. I can afford to be beat once, seeing that thus far I have never been since first I offered to fence."

"Come, come," cried Peter, who was impatient for the entertainment, "let's see the opening. Now stand aside, gentlemen."

Like two twins stood those swordsmen as their weapons crossed with a clear, sharp clang. The Greek led off carefully, and Ruric as carefully warded every stroke. Then the former assumed a guard, and Ruric led oft in turn. Ere long the swords clashed with sharper ring, and soon sparks of fire flew out from the clanging steel. Louder and louder grew the clang, and quicker and quicker grew the strokes. The thrusts were made with skill and force, but as yet neither had been touched.

The Emperor was in extacy. He clapped his hands and shouted *bravo* with all his might.

By and by Ruric's eye grew more intense in its meaning fire. His opponent saw it, but he could not tell what it meant. The youth was about to risk the most daring feat of all he knew. Steadily burned his eye, and his lips were set like steel. At length he saw that the Greek was playing for a thrust, and he lowered his point. Demetrius saw the chance, and drawing his arm quickly back he made the thrust with all his power. He was sure now he had won, for there was no earthly way in which his point could be struck either down or up. But see! With a gliding motion—a motion almost imperceptible—Ruric raises his sword and the other slides along upon its side, and the other point, instead of touching his breast, is caught in the cross-guard of his haft. Then, quick as lightning, and with all his might, Ruric bends his elbow downward with the whole weight of his massive shoulder, and throws his wrist upward. On that instant the Greek sees and feels what meant that strange fire of the eye. He feels his point caught, but before he can close his grasp more firmly the haft is wrenched from his hand—it strikes the vaulted ceiling with a dull clang—and, descending, is caught by Ruric Nevel fairly by the hilt!

For a moment all is still as death in that chamber. Ruric is the first to break the silence. He advances to the Greek, and, as he hands back both the swords, he says,—

"Demetrius, remember your promise. I know you are a brave man, for I can see it in your forgiving glance. *You will not like me less for this.*"

"By heavens, no!" the noble Greek cries, dropping both the swords, and extending both hands, which the gun-maker grasped. "I honor you—I love you."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WOMAN'S WILL.

Dip the Atlantic ocean dry with a teaspoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; make postmasters perform their promises, and subscribers pay the printer; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; when the rain is coming down like the cataract of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella; choke a musquito with a brickbat; in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible, to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she *will*, when she has made up her mind to say she *won't*.

A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

Every person should have a home of their own,—a place where they know bright eyes are watching for them, and a warm welcome awaiting them; a place where they can cast off their cares, forget their business perplexities, and enjoy the many delights that cluster around a happy fireside; a haven where they can moor their tempest-tossed bark, and revel in the balmy breezes that sweep over life's ocean.

And such a place as home—a home of your own, earned by your weary toil, and looked unto with longing through the dim vista of coming years.

Around it will cluster sweet memories, and blessed joys, too often unappreciated till they have fled.

No matter how humble it be, if it is only your own. It will be your guardian angel through life, and its joys will cheer you in your declining years, its delights every day twining closer about your heart, until their support fails through death, when the golden links will be united in a chain of exceeding brightness in Heaven.

Yes, have a home of your own. Let a gentle being preside at its hearthstone; and smiling cherubs make music in its chambers with their silvery laughter. You will soon learn to love it, and with it will become connected every sweet memory that binds you to earth; it will be the silent witness of your joys and griefs, your tears and smiles. "ROLANTHE."

SWALLOWTON, Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

FASHIONS IN DRESS.

In no instance have the folly and childishness of a large portion of mankind been more strikingly displayed than in those various, occasionally very opposite, modes in which they have departed from the standard of nature, and sought distinction, even in deformity. Thus, while one race of people crushes the feet of its children, another flattens their heads between two boards; and while we in Europe admire the natural whiteness of the teeth, the Malays file off the enamel and dye them black, for the all-sufficient reason that dog's teeth are white. A New Zealand chief has his distinctive coat of arms emblazoned on the skin of his face as well as his limbs; and an Esquimaux is nothing if he have not bits of stone stuffed through a hole in each cheek. Quite as absurd, and still more mischievous is the infatuation which, among some civilized nations attaches beauty to that modification of the human figure which resembles the wasp, and compresses the waist until the very ribs have been distorted, and the functions of the vital organs irreparably disordered.

ANTIQUITY OF PORCELAIN.

Porcelain, by which is designated a dense body too hard to be scratched by a knife, translucent, sonorous and white, was manufactured from a very early period in China. The remote antiquity of this manufacture is proved by the discovering of bottles of Chinese porcelain, with inscriptions in that language, in the tombs of Thebes. The porcelain tower near Nankin was built A. D. 1267, but as early as 163 B. C. it is stated that porcelain was common in China. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, penetrated into China in the thirteenth century, and he describes with much accuracy the mode then, as now employed by the Chinese in the preparation of their clays. "They collect," he says, "a certain kind of earth, as it were from a mine, and laying it in a great heap, suffer it to be exposed to the wind, rain, and sun, for thirty or forty years, during which time it is never disturbed. By this means, it becomes refined and fit for being wrought into the vessels above mentioned. Such colors as may be thought proper are then laid on, and the ware is afterwards baked in ovens or furnaces. Those persons, therefore, who cause the earth to be dug, collect it for their children or grand-children.

WHAT IS THE PALLIUM?

The English people have become quite versed in the mysteries of ecclesiastical millinery. The pallium, which is given by the Pope to the Archbishop, was originally a Greek dress peculiar to scholars; the name was then given to a flowing robe of purple worn by majesty, and it has now become a piece of fancy costume in the wardrobe of the Catholic service. The history of its manufacture is as follows: There stands, about a mile outside the Porta Pia, on the road to Tivoli, an old convent of nuns attached to the still more ancient church of St. Agnes. These nuns are poor, and rarely do any of Rome's high-born damsels enter the cloister of this lonely and neglected sisterhood. They have got a small paddock attenant to the monastery, and therein keep a couple of sacred lambs, not necessarily of the merino breed, but still proud and happy ministrants of their wool for the texture of this noble decoration. The sisters spin it, not by any new fangled jennies, but on the old patriarchal spindle, and weave it in a loom of which the pattern might date from the days of Penelope.

REVENGE.

The noblest revenge we can take upon our enemies is to do them a kindness, for to return malice for malice, and injury for injury, will afford but a temporary gratification to our evil passions, and our enemies will only be rendered the more bitter against us. But, to take the first opportunity of showing them how superior we are to them, by doing them a kindness, or by rendering them a service, the sting of reproach will enter deeply in their soul; and, while unto us it will be a noble retaliation, our triumph will not unfrequently be rendered complete, not only by blotting out the malice that had otherwise stood against us, but by bringing repentant hearts to offer themselves at the shrine of friendship.

TO ——.

BY NELLY A. MEREDITH.

"The means were worthy, and the end is won,
I would not do by thee as thou hast done."
BYRON.

So the tie is broken that bound this heart
To thine, faithful alike, through joy and tears;
You tell me to forget, and coldly part
From this lone breast the cherished dreams of years.
Dreams in which thine image blended
With my soul's wildest thoughts of bliss;
My whole life's aim, serving thee, seemed ended,
And my reward—is this!

I'll not remind thee of the vanished hours,
But once more, and then, a long farewell;
I'll hope that round *thy* heart life's flowers
Will cluster sweet—that in thine ear no knell
Will sound, pealing for blighted hopes,
Whose last life-gleam is o'er;
But whose memory with the worn heart copes,
Though lost forevermore.

Farewell, and when on me *our* child doth turn
His eyes of night, I'll pray that he
May know no guile, and learn
His lisping lips to pray for *thee.*
His dark hair waves above his pearly brow;
His starry eyes are rife with childish glee.
We will be happy *yet*, and now
Farewell, farewell to *thee.*

DETROIT, Mich.

THE PUZZLING PROBLEM;

OR,

OW I WON MY HUSBAND.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

But warily tent when ye come to court me
And come na unless the back gate be ajee—
Syne up the back style and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
At Kirk or at market whene'er ye meet me
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flee,
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me. BURNS.

My mother had a merry party gathered together at her country house in the summer of 184–. But they were all too much occupied with their own affairs to mind a romping little school girl like me, and although I spent a great part of my time in the parlors, no one ever seemed to think I had outgrown petting and might safely be treated as a reasonable human being.

I did not complain of this, because it left me free to watch our guests more closely. The old proverb "Little pitchers have great ears," never seemed to be remembered in my case, and I listened and looked till the by play of every heart was well known to me—child as I was.

That my pretty mother was going to marry the good old Grey, who held me on his knee, and gave me bon bons;—that Miss Amabel White was making a "dead set" at young John Eastman, and with every prospect of success;—that Colonel Lawson was trying to find favor in the eyes of Clara Steel;—all these things I understood, and was not at *all* opposed to. But that Judge Hazelton should love and marry Miss Celia Bradford, didn't suit me at all—and it was upon this pair of prospective turtle doves that my gray eyes were most frequently turned.

No doubt it was a great piece of presumption in me, to have any thoughts at all about the matter. For Miss Celia was young and beautiful and dashing, and a great belle, and Judge Hazelton was a man of thirty, handsome, wealthy and distinguished, and evidently capable of choosing in all things for himself. But I could not help the feeling. It came over me every time I saw them together. I knew she was not good enough for him—I had heard her mother congratulating her on her good luck in securing him, and knew if she married him at last, it would be only because of his wealth, and not for love of him.

I was in a corner window of the deserted parlor one pleasant summer afternoon, perplexing myself over a hard problem in "Davie's," which was to be solved for the next morning's lesson, when a shower of rose leaves came through the casement and fell upon the open page of my book. I looked up—and there stood the Judge—his hand full of buds and blossoms, ready to repeat the unceremonious salute.

"Don't bother your head with Algebra, Miss Gay," he said with a merry laugh. "Its too pleasant a day. Come out and take a walk with us—we are going out in the woods."

"Oh, but I can't." I answered dolefully. "I cannot solve this tiresome thing, and mama told me not to leave the house till I had finished it. It's too bad! I wish all the Algebras in the country were burned."

"Shall we have a private bonfire on our own account?" and putting his hand on the window sill he sprang lightly in and took a chair beside me.

"Now tell me all your troubles, Gay, and I'll stay and help you out of them," he said, good naturedly.

"But the walking party! What will mama say?" I stammered somewhat aghast at the thought of depriving Miss Celia of her cavalier.

He only laughed as he answered—

"They never will miss me—and as for your mama I will make my peace with her, and yours too."

They *did* miss him—and we heard his name from different parts of the grounds, not three minutes after. He would not answer the summons—he made a feint of hiding himself behind my chair, and pronounced it excellent fun. I lost all my girlish fear of him when I found him so playful and good natured, and should have been very sorry if they could have enticed him from me.

When they ceased calling and went down the avenue, he came out of his concealment and took his place once more by my side.

"Now, Miss Gay, he said, we will see if we have as good success with this knotty Algebra Draw your chair a little closer—there. And now give me your whole attention, and in a little while I fancy the whole thing will be set right."

He was not mistaken. It was much easier listening to his explanations in that cool and pleasant parlor than to understand my cross teacher in a heated school room. He did not do my work for me—he only cleared away the difficulties, and left me to go on with the task. I worked busily, for he still sat near me, intent upon a review—and in little more than half an hour, I looked up gladly, and laid my slate aside.

"Done so soon?" he asked.

I pointed to the slate. He gave a hasty glance at the result, and his kind smile rewarded me for all my trouble.

"And now," he said, bringing my gipsey hat from the hall, "as I have given up my walk on your account, it's no more than fair for you to take me on another."

He tied on my hat as if I had been a little girl, and we sauntered off on a rose hunting expedition. Down in the garden, close by the brook's edge, we halted with our spoils, and the Judge made wreaths of my favorite flowers and bound them in my curls, and even helped me make and sail little boats of leaves with as much gusto, as if he too had been sixteen, and a hoydenish school girl. What would Miss Celia have thought, if she could have seen the gentleman who was always so dignified and stately with her, clapping his hands and laughing like a boy, when one of the little boats made its way safely between rocks and stones, and went floating down the stream?

The happy afternoon wore quickly away, and the voices of the returning party first started us from our childish amusements. The Judge laughed and then colored to the roots of his hair—I, with a wholesome dread of Miss Celia and my lady mother before my eyes, murmured a hasty excuse, and fled to the house like a scared deer.

I reached the parlor safely, and settled down in my accustomed nook with Tennyson in my hand. By and by I saw the party approaching, and among them sauntered the Judge by the side of Miss Celia, who had forgiven his desertion. He carried her boquet and fan and looked stately as a king. But for one merry glance shot at me as they entered the room, I should have believed I had been dreaming. We kept our counsel—Miss Celia was at rest—and my mother complimented me on my sudden fit of quietness. The Judge looked mischievous, but I bore my "blushing honors" very meekly, and all was well.

CHAPTER II.

My heart is sair—I dare na tell
My heart is sair for somebody!
I could make a winter night
For the sake o' somebody!
Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Fra ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody!
Oh! how for somebody!
Oh! hey for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody! BURNS.

From that time he often paused now and then to give a kind word or smile, when Miss Celia was deep in the mysteries of the toilet, or discussing the fashions with my mother. I had no thoughts as yet of coming out; my dresses were always of plain and delicate muslins, made in the simplest way, and I wore gipsey hats and long curls, like a little girl. My mother was too much occupied with her *fiancee* to see that I was growing tall and womanly. Miss Celia called me "a tiresome little monkey" if I got in her way, and rarely spoke to me if I kept out of it, and the judge played "graces," and battledore and shuttlecock with me now and then, without raising a frown upon that lady's polished brow. She thought me nothing more than a child, and would have laughed heartily if any one had hinted that I might, in time, become a dangerous rival.

But in those few summer months, I stepped from girlhood to womanhood. My school tasks grew irksome to me, and I thought with a tearful kind of dread, of the long winter in the city, when I should be, in a measure, excluded from the parlors, and see Judge Hazelton no more. I watched him with jealous eyes. Every word he spoke to Miss Celia, every glance he gave at her beautiful face, stung me with a fierce and sudden pain. I turned cold if he approached her; I burned with rage and grief if he lifted the small, white hand to his lips, or held it for a moment in his, as he led her to a seat.

It was folly, insanity. I knew it to be so, and by and by, when I taught myself to feel that she was the lady of his love, while I was only the plaything of an hour, my woman's pride came to my aid, and I did my best to forget him.

A ward of my mother's future husband came to pay a visit to my mother, before our summer party was broken up. He was a gay, dashing college student, as full of fun and merriment as I, and made love to me in a boyish, nonsensical way, that made me laugh while it interested me. Frank Grey was not my beau ideal by any means, but I liked him, and he did me good. I was no longer lonely and melancholy; he gave me no time for that. We rode and walked together; he taught me to leap my black horse over high fences, and risked my neck in one way or another a dozen times in so many hours; he learned me to fish, and actually made me fire off his rifle one afternoon, a feat which I accomplished with shut eyes and trembling hands, and a feeling as if I was about to be blown into atoms; "in short," as Mr. Micawber would say, we were the merriest, happiest friends alive. My mother laughed, and said she had too great boys instead of one; the good Doctor looked at us curiously and attentively from under his heavy eyebrows, as if we were natural phenomenons to be carefully studied. Miss Celia drew back in dainty dismay, when we raced through the house, or gallopped down the road; and Judge Hazelton rarely came near me. I would not fret about it. I set my teeth resolutely, and went on in a wilder way than ever.

I have said that Frank made love to me. It was by fits and starts only, for he seemed to have a periodical recurrence of the disease. Sometimes for a week the thing would never have entered our heads; he would slap me on the shoulder, and call me "a prime good fellow," as if I had been a boy, and then within twelve hours come sighing to me with a story that always made me laugh.

On one of these occasions we were upon the side piazza together. He heaved a prodigious sigh.

"What is the matter, Frank?" I asked, demurely. "Have you the toothache?"

"Bother the toothache!" he answered savagely. "You know well enough why I sigh. You know well enough when a fellow loves you to distraction—to distraction I say," and then he broke down with a piteous look that sent me into a hearty fit of laughter. He was not at all daunted by this, but taking my hand, went on—

"Now, Gay, do be reasonable, and say you will marry me when I get through college."

"But just think, Frank," was my mischievous reply, "what a name 'Gay Grey' would be. Perfectly horrible. I couldn't think of the thing a moment."

"Perhaps 'Gay Hazelton' would suit you better?" he said sarcastically, and then seeing me spring to my feet with a vivid blush dying my throat and forehead, he broke out in boyish wrath: "I thought as much. Confound him! I'll punch his head for him," and leaping from the piazza, ran like a deer down the long avenue.

I could not laugh now at his ludicrous speech. The days of silence and estrangement had gone by, and for the moment I revelled in the innocent happiness of those days when the powerful eyes of Arthur Hazelton were bent upon me with an indulgent smile. I leaned my head against the pillar of the piazza, and folded my arms across my aching heart to keep down the bitter pain there. I did not weep—I thought it too weak—but I suffered. It was my first and keenest experience of the btttemess of an unreturned love.

Suddenly an arm glided round my waist and I was clasped closely to a beating heart. I looked up and it was Arthur Hazleton that stood beside me.

"I am going away" he said in a deep low voice, "but not before I have told you how I love you. From the day when I sat by your side and solved the problem you could not understand, you have been growing dearer and dearer. How gladly I would have aided you so through life, Gay! But you have chosen for yourself—God bless you. I have no right to murmur because you love another."

"He turned away. I forgot all, save that I was loving him, and laid my hand upon his arm.

"Stay," I murmured, "I know who you mean, but I do not love him."

He drew me to his heart again, this time as if he had the right to do so.

"But can you love an old man like me?" he whispered, "you so young so beautiful."

I smiled both at the notion of my beauty and his age and pressed a timid kiss upon his hand. It was the most convincing answer I could have given and he asked no other.

We were married that winter. And Frank played the part of first groomsman without evincing the least desire to "punch heads" or do any other desperate thing. Indeed the dark eyes of the fair bridesmaid so enthralled him that he is now very comfortably settled for life under their immediate jurisdiction, and he and "Gay Hazleton" have many a merry laugh over his love making in the days gone by.

GLASS AND ITS PHENOMENA.

The elasticity and fragility of glass are amongst its most extraordinary phenomena. Its elasticity exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to the original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with your finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that has been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shivered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom. The thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the stroke of a mallet, given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, bone, etc., have been cast into them, from a height of two or three feet, without any effect; yet a fragment of flint, not larger than a pea, let fall from the fingers at a height of only three inches, has made them fly. Nor is it the least wonderful of these phenomena that the glass does not always break at the instant of collision, as might be supposed. A bit of flint, literally the size of a grain, has been dropped into several glasses successively, and none of them broke; but being set apart and watched, it was found that they all flew in less than three quarters of an hour. This singular agency is not confined to flint. The same effect will be produced by diamond, saphire, porcelain, highly-tempered steel, pearls, and the marbles that boys play with.

Amongst the strangest phenomena observed in glass are those which are peculiar to tubes. A glass tube placed in a horizontal position before a fire, with its extremities supported, will acquire a rotary motion round its axis, moving at the same time towards the fire, notwithstanding that the supports on which it rests may form an inclined plane the contrary way. If it be placed on a glass plane, such as a piece of window-glass, it will move from the fire, although the plane may incline in the opposite direction. If it be placed standing nearly upright, leaning to the right hand, it will move from east to west; if leaning to the left hand, it will move from west to east; and if it be placed perfectly upright it will not move at all. The causes of these phenomena are unknown, although there has been lack of hypothesis in explanation of them.

DOWN TO ZERO.

BY NATHALIE CARL.

Well—upon my word, I don't see why Barnum and all those other worthies want to rove round the world for curiosities when creatures so much stranger are close at their elbow every moment in the day! Talk about Joice Heth and the woolly horse! They are not a beginning to that bundle of contradictions yclept "a man."

There's Mr. Carl now! A whole regiment of novelists never could have manufactured so warm a lover. He "piled up the agony" so high that he has never been able to reach it since! In those days I was a seraph—a cherub—an angel! No spun gold could equal my "sunny hair"—no sky was ever half so blue as my eyes—no snow one eighth as white as my little hands! Now what I want to know, is this. Was the man drunk, or a fool, or only lying? Because now I don't think he knows or cares whether my hair is black or white, and so long as the eyes see that his shirt bosoms are never buttonless, and the little hands grow stiff and tired in darning his stockings, he is perfectly satisfied, and compliments are quite a drug in the market.

Mr. Carl used to admire my dresses and go into ecstacies over a rosebud in my hair. Now I might wear a cabbage stalk with perfect impunity as far as he was concerned. The most elegant morning dress—the most coquettish of all little silk aprons, and most killing prunella slippers have no more effect on him than so much brown calico would. I'll own that I did get provoked at his insensibility and come to breakfast once in the most horrid of all old wrappers (it had once belonged to my chambermaid) and with my hair in a complete snarl. Would you believe it? The man never knew that I was dressed any differently from my usual way!

Formerly Mr. Carl used to sit for hours and look into my face, "studying its lights and shades and varying expression," or some such nonsense. Now he looks at me as abstractedly as if I was a stone wall, and goes moving round with his hands in his pockets humming to himself and looking over me and beyond me, and everything except *at* me, till I'm half frantic with nervousness. I can remember, too, when he would have sat up all night to get a word from me—and now, if by any chance we are together of an evening he never says anything, but goes and lies down on the sofa and sleeps and snorts and groans and chokes till bed time comes. (By the way, what work most men *do* make of sleeping. If I couldn't do the business better I'd keep awake till I was gray! I'm very glad now that never saw Tom Chester—who was my first love—asleep!)

But this isn't all Mr. Carl does. He looks glum when I go out shopping and come home with my portemonnaie as flat as a pancake, (I can't help it! If merchants will have such handsome clerks, Mr. Carl must take the consequences!) and he looks glum-*er* still if I don't seem to care. If I go to the Opera, and bow to a gentleman acquaintance he reads me a lecture as long as my arm—if I speak to any one I know I might as well mount the scaffold at once—even though Mr. Carl is at the very moment playing the devoted to Mrs. Bell Haines who is the most audacious flirt that ever existed. *I* must sit still and say nothing but I can't expect him to be with me all the time. As a man he has peculiar privileges and liberties which would be dangerous for me as a woman—&c.—&c.! Oh yes! What stuff!

I wonder if Tom Chester would have served me so! I wonder if he would have nodded when I sung "My Cottage Home," and snored when I played the "Spirit Waltz!" I wonder if he would have marked in his courting days the beautiful stanza:

"Here's a health to one I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to one I lo'e dear—
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!"

and then, in his married ones written under it—"Soft enough! heaven knows! Truth and poetry combined!" That's what Mr. Carl did! The wretch! Shouldn't I like to give him—"Jessy!"

Poor Tom! How handsome he was and how listless and unhappy he looks now! I never meet his eye without feeling the glance in my very heart—and Mr. Carl can't help himself! Perhaps if I had married for love instead of money, Tom and I——

Pshaw! What am I talking about! I haven't a doubt but that in six months you would have been the fac simile of Mr. Carl! I know an old and true proverb:

"It spoils a man to marry him
And spoils a woman to love her."

This matrimony is the greatest cure for romance I ever heard of! The thermometer is always "down to Zero" after the honeymoon has passed.

There comes Mr. Carl now. Will he "rush to my arms" or give me a "fond embrace?" My dear, he has lighted his cigar put his feet upon the mantle-piece and *with his back to me* is reading the evening paper That's *my* greeting! Love-like—isn't it?

SOCIAL COMFORT.

"Good breeding," says some one whose name is not, but might well have been appended to the definition—"is the art of showing men by external signs, the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company." It is not uncommon for men and women to suppose, when you speak of "well bred people," that you mean a class, or that it necessarily implies fortune and fashion. There never was a sillier mistake. The best bred man we ever knew was brought up in a ship-yard, and commenced his fortune with a braad-axe. His manners were what you usually hear called the manners of a court, and indeed he treated every man with a delicacy and gentleness from which any courtier might take a lesson. He had a regard for everybody's comfort; and a belief that man, hard handed or soft, was something made in the image of God, was the ruling principle of his conduct. Good breeding is the first element of social comfort. "Vulgarity is sin," and vulgarity, the vulgarity of court or hovel, is the same thing; it is an essential meanness and baseness of character, betraying itself in a want of consideration for the feelings and happiness of others. But one of the greatest arts in good breeding is knowing how to let people alone. It is just that part of it which *makes* social comfort. Allow people to be happy their own way, and half the time they imagine they have derived their happiness from their host's or hostess's skill in entertaining them, which is true, but not in the same sense they take it. Insist upon providing amusement for everybody *your* way, and you can freeze a hundred people into icicles in an hour.

A SKETCH.

A maiden wandered by the side of a quiet stream, her brow was smooth and fair, no wrinkle told of growing care, and gnawing sorrow. Life was to her a summer's day. And as she wandered, she murmured almost inaudibly, "Oh that the fairy folk were yet in the world, that I might ask of them a boon, surely I should not be denied." Then sweet music floated on the wings of zephyrs, and a low, soft, silvery voice replied: "Lady, the fairies still are here, they have not yet all departed. Thou art young, fair and good, name thy boon, it shall not be denied thee." "Kind fairy, the gift I would ask of thee, is a long life. Grant that I may stay long in this beautiful world, where the birds sing, and the leaves whisper, and the waters dance. Oh, fairy, hear my prayer." The voice of the invisible fairy was more mournful than before as she replied: "Maiden, hast thou well considered that which thou demandest?" The maiden said, "I have." Then answered the fairy, "It shall be even as thou desirest. But stay a moment, lady; shouldest thou at any time repent thee of the gratification of this desire, call once more on the fairy of the stream; I am still thy friend."

Years passed on, and once more I saw the maiden; this time she was not alone; there was one by her side who poured into her ear those words so sweet to the heart of woman, the words of love. Time had only matured her charms, and intercourse with society had given a superior polish to her manners. She was now a lovely, fascinating woman. I saw her again as she stood by the altar, while at her side was the being to whom she had given her young heart's best affection. Oh, then she was beautiful. The light that streamed in through the glass windows, lent a solemn air to all around, and there in that holy place she stood and took upon herself vows,—oh how solemn.

No misgivings chilled her heart, no feeling of sadness oppressed her soul, all was gladness, all hope; the sun of life was still brightly shining. Friends flocked around her, diamonds glittered in her raven hair, wealth gratified her every desire—she seemed supremely blest. At the crowded assembly, at the midnight ball, she was acknowledged queen of grace and beauty. Was this to last forever?

But once again did I see the lady, and then, oh how changed! Deep lines were graven by sorrow's hand, on the brow once so smooth and fair. No husband now bent looks of admiration upon her; she was solitary and alone, her beauty was faded and gone. Was she a widow? No, far worse, she was that most miserable and wretched of beings, an unloved, neglected wife. No traces were left of the beauty once so striking, the hand of disease had swept them all away, and lacking those superior qualities of the mind which enable the possessor to obtain an enduring hold of the affections of others, the heart of her husband had become lost to her. He sighed for a kindred spirit in the companion he had chosen, but he found it not. The loveliness which had dazzled him in former years was gone, and nothing remained to compensate for its loss. Poor neglected wife! truly thy lot was a sad one, loving with all the fervency of which woman's heart is capable, thy love was rejected, thou thyself despised. Where now are thy early dreams of happiness? Alas! they have all vanished, and nought is left but the sad, cold realities of life. The night was far advanced, but sleep visited not her eyelids; no, even this temporary forgetfulness of her wrongs and sorrows was denied her. Restless and weary, she longed with earnest longings for the morning light. Suddenly a thought struck her, and softly rising she wrapped a mantle round her wasted form and took her way, guided by the straggling moonbeams, to the place, where in happier days she had met the fairy of the stream. With a trembling voice she cried, "Fairy, I summon thee, come to my aid." Then the fairy's voice was heard once more, as it said in tones of deep compassion, "Daughter of earth, I know that which thou wouldst of me, be it even as thou wilt. To-morrow thou shalt be released from all thy sufferings." "Thanks to thee, generous fairy," said the broken-hearted one, and she took her way silently to her solitary home. I saw the lady in life no more, but I know where she calmly reposes, under a willow which weeps o'er her tomb, in the little village churchyard.

"After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

HAPPY ELLEN.

Kitty and Ellen were sisters of nearly the same age, and always dressed alike. One day when they expected company, an older sister put some lace upon the dress which Kitty was to wear, and as she saw Ellen's eye resting upon it, she said to her: "I put that lace on Kitty's dress, forgetting that I had none for yours; but I will take it off, that you may be dressed alike."

Kitty looked disappointed, but before she had time to speak, Ellen said, smiling, "O no, sister; I had rather Kitty would wear the lace; it is very pretty, and *now* I can see it on her neck, but I could not see it if it were on mine.'

It is very unimportant what little girls wear, if their clothing is neat, but it is important that they should be amiable and disinterested; and all will find that the way to be happy is to be unselfish, and look on the bright side of everything, as dear little Ellen always does.

META.

THE WORLD MOVES.—The finger of Galileo is shown under a glass-case in the Florence Museum. It stands on a mysterious looking bit of parchment, pointing towards heaven. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to the torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth, and the finger is now worshiped for having proved the motion.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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A SLANDER REFUTED.

Lovers of the Fine Arts in the United States,—painters, sculptors, designers and others of that ilk; are disposed to lament the slow growth of a love of the beautiful among our citizens. "The taste of the people," say they, is uncultivated or depraved;—artists are not encouraged; Painting, Sculpture, Architecture are not so widely admired or so highly esteemed in this country as in Europe:—American art is a "dwarf in leading strings," &c.

The United States, it must be admitted, does not possess specimens or collections of Painting and Statuary rivalling those of Italy, France or England. We cannot point to a National Gallery of Paintings like the Louvre at Paris, or to Cathedrals and public buildings as splendid as those which adorn the capitals of Europe. And we have reason to boast that such is the fact. The laboring and poorer classes in this country have not been oppressed and plundered that their rulers might be enriched, that the private dwellings of tyrants might be adorned with the beautiful productions of art, that the taste and pride of an aristocracy might be gratified, that our fashionable churches might be enlarged to the magnificent proportions of a Notre Dame in Paris, a St. Paul's in London or a St. Peter's in Rome.

The position of Art among us should not be estimated by our exhibitions of Paintings, by our churches and public buildings. These are only the first, faint manifestations of a deep-seated love of the beautiful among the people—a love already widely displayed in the numerous, simple ornaments which are used to add to the comforts and enjoyments of home. The decorations of our churches, hotels, theaters, stores, public buildings, and vessels are, in general, good; and we can commend them as worthy of examination and study. Their beauty is always open to public inspection, and is a constant source of public enjoyment. Of our progress in this direction, however, we have, at present, no reason to boast. Our triumphs have been gained on another field, and we can point with pride to the neat, comfortable, happy homes of our citizens. No nation can claim any higher honor than to say that in proportion to her size and population, she contains the largest number of beautiful homesteads and intelligent, contented, smiling citizens. This honor is justly claimed by the United States.

It is the peculiar glory of this country that the productions of Art, however few and plain, are made accessible to all,—are brought, as it were, to the hearth of every citizen, and, thus, all are, in some measure, educated and qualified to appreciate and enjoy the beauty of a specimen of architecture, of a piece of sculpture, or of a painting. Americans in general are better judges of architecture, and know more about its different styles, and the adaptation of each style to a particular object than any other people. It is generally admitted that our stores, ware houses, churches, public buildings, hotels, cars, packet ships, ocean and river steamers are better adapted to the end for which they were designed than those of Europe. We have still much to learn, yet we have "gone ahead" and are ahead. Our citizens will and do support Art, when it administers to their enjoyment. They love the Beautiful and they are willing to pay for it. The immense circulation of illustrated literature such as Harper's Magazine, the unparallelled success of the Ledger, are examples, from many that might be mentioned, of the very liberal patronage which the American people are ready to extend to the Fine Arts.

DOWN WITH THE DUST.

The dust of our streets is becoming an intolerable nuisance. On a windy day it is perfectly awful; it penetrates the recesses of our ears and our wardrobes, dances along the tenderest nerves of the eye, and colonizes the nostrils. It touches our pockets, too; for dust corrodes the fibre of cloth as well as aggravates the nerves of humanity, and garments which have to be vigorously and constantly brushed are prematurely doomed to the old-clothes man. Beside, when a lady returns from a walk down Broadway, she looks as though she had been rolled in an ash-barrel, and has some ground for declaring that, "that bonnet is no longer fit to be seen;" which any married man knows is synonymous with a notification that a new one is wanted.

Mayor Wood has exhibited great capacity for "kicking up a dust;" has he not the ability to down with it?

A Beautiful Poem, by Mrs. Emily P. Lesdernier, will be found in another column. It will be difficult for any one to read it without being pleased with it. Mrs. L. is a woman of remarkable ability and we venture to predict, will one of these days be the owner of a large reputation.

☞ Among the number of our complete original stories, this week, will be found two by Mr. Cobb. They are *good*, as is everything that emanates from his pen.

A "FREE LOVER" ANSWERED.

New York, April 17, 1856.

Mr. Ledger:—*Sir*—Do you think it incumbent upon a man to deny himself the gratification of congenial company, of foreign travel, and the cultivation of his æsthetical nature, for fear his children may not receive that attention and education which a doting mother exacts for them? Or, to put the question more plainly, (for I confess that I am inclined to the "free-love" and "individuality" doctrines,) must a man be a slave to his family all his life? And if it is his duty to sacrifice himself to his children, how is he to get any comfort out of it? By answering these questions, you will much oblige A Reader.

It will probably be difficult for those who have never encountered specimens of the more selfish of their species to believe that a man could ask such questions as the above, in earnest; but we know persons who practice the philosophy which our correspondent's inquiries point at, without so much as troubling themselves to ask any questions upon the subject. The doctrines of those who advocate "free-love" and the "sovereignty of the individual" are much more extensively practised than preached. There are men in this city who habitually and constantly leave their families to combat destitution as they best can, while they who should protect and support them, are spending their means in riotous living with "more congenial circles."

To reply more specifically to our correspondent: When a man marries, he enters into a most solemn covenant with society, with his wife, and with his God, faithfully to discharge all the duties appertaining to the domestic relation, and he has no right afterwards to shrink from any of its obligations, no matter to what difficulties and uncomfortableness they may subject him. No real manly man would ever think of shrinking from such obligations. It is only your selfish sneaks who adopt the doctrines of "free-love" and the "sovereignty of the individual;" men who, under favorable circumstances, would (if they had the courage) blossom from vagabonds to footpads and whatever else is most despicable and inhuman. The idea that a man—a husband and father—should wish to grab more of the few comforts of this world than his family enjoys, seems so contemptible that we are at a loss to characterise it. If a child that steals into a corner to devour its good things, without offering its companions a share, is reprobated as greedy and selfish, what shall be said of a man who does the same thing on a much larger scale?

Our correspondent wishes to know how a "parent is to get any comfort out of his children." A man who can have it in his heart to ask such a question, will find it difficult to get comfort out of anything. A home is generally just as attractive, or repulsive, as the head of the family chooses to make it. He who wishes his children to be a source of happiness to him, must learn to *love childhood*—aye, he must *love to suffer for it*. Hath not our correspondent read that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Does he not know that we love those best for whom we have voluntarily suffered most? Can anything that it is possible for a child to do for a parent so endear it to his heart, as the vigils he keeps and the sacrifices he makes over its sick couch?

The best thing our correspondent can do is, to go humbly to his wife, confess his contemptible selfishness, seek her forgiveness, ask her to instruct him in the ways of common humanity and parental duty, and then follow her teachings implicitly until he shall have become cured of the abominable "free-love" vagabondisms which have corroded his soul and petrified his heart. Let him make a practice of dressing his children every morning for a few months, and note the flexile grace of their dimpled limbs, the beauty of their soft, plump hands and blue-veined feet; listening to their innocent chatter meanwhile, and marking the play of their heaven-daring fancy, their felicity of expression—darting upon an idea like a humming-bird upon a rose's heart, and we venture to say that he will discover more loveliness and fascination in childhood than he ever dreamed of, and that he will never again ask us, "how a man is to get any comfort out of his children."

HASTY MARRIAGES.

A friend, who sends us a large club of subscribers by way of preface, asks our opinion of "hasty marriages;" by which we understand him to mean such marriages as are consummated after a very short acquaintance between the parties. We think that the old proverb, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," is founded on truth, human nature, and experience. Although some "hasty marriages" may have resulted happily, it is undoubtedly a fact that ninety-nine in a hundred turn out otherwise. Indeed, if a couple are so heedless, so venturesome, so reckless as to perform the most solemn and important of all social acts hastily and without due reflection and preparation, is it not fair to infer, that they will not give due deliberation to anything whatever? and that, consequently, their lives will be constantly chequered with hasty and ill-advised acts and unavailing regrets for their commission? Let us, therefore, have no "hasty marriages."

BAD "AIR."

New York, April 17, 1856.

Mr. Ledger:—My wife permits the servant-girl to take our little daughter, aged four years, out with her, when she goes on visits to her acquaintances, and also often sends the child out with her to "get the air." But I have heard of her taking our daughter into places where any "air" she might get was so infected with the odor of rum and other vile things, that the more she got of it, the worse off she would be. Do you think it is judicious thus to entrust children with servants? Truly yours,

R. S. W.

We think it is very injudicious thus to entrust children with servants. Only a parent's eye can properly watch them, and only a parent's care can protect them against accidents and contamination.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congres, in the year 1855, by R. Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

LAUNCH OF THE ADRIATIC.

Mr. Pax. (Looking up from the morning paper.) "Mary, wont you go with me to see the launch this morning?"

Mrs. Pax. (Ensconcing herself comfortably in an easy chair.) "Me? I don't know a row-boat from a steamship; beside, my breakfast has not had time to digest, the children must be packed off with their grammars and luncheons to school, and—there you see," said Mrs. Pax, with a long drawn breath of relief, "that it is quite impossible, for here comes a proof to be read for the Weekly Monopoliser."

Mr. Pax. "Pshaw! you know very well that you can run that over in ten minutes; the launch comes off at ten; it is not far to the dock; I will get your bonnet."

Men always think a woman has nothing to do in case of a promenade but to "put on her bonnet." (I am pleased to say Mr. Pax does not pronounce bonnet "bunnet," like the rest of his sex); gloves, handkerchiefs, parasols, (blessed invention!) shawls and mantillas being supposed by some magic to leap forth and dispose themselves; as in the case of novel heroines, who draggle through uncounted miles of bog, ditch and briar, and come out resplendent in drawing-room attire, without the aid of water, napkins, or a relay of robes.

Mrs. Pax corrects her proofs; answering questions meanwhile to the little Paxes about stray geographies and gloves, missing arithmetics and aprons, with occasional parentheses to the chambermaid, who has a way of mistaking MSS. for "waste paper," and who after all may be nearer right than her mistress; Mr. Pax gallantly lacing Mrs. Pax's boots, and using an uncanonical word when he has the misfortune to tie a knot in the lacing. This done, the "bonnet" is put on, and through much tribulation Mr. and Mrs. Pax are launched for "the Launch."

On they go—across Tompkins Square, which, like a youngster's beard, is very extensively laid out, but very thinly settled!—through endless stretches of unmitigatedly nasty streets; over hillocks, originally snow, now crusted over and plastered down with decayed cabbages, onions, potatoes, coffee and tea grounds, in which children and pigs are promiscuously rooting; past reeking groceries and their blear-eyed keepers; past crowded tenement houses; through omnibusses—carts—milk wagons—avenue cars and Irish women to the dock, where hundreds are already congregated; some on foot, some in carriages, some on horseback; perched on housetops, perched on fences; strung like beads on ship riggings, and floating in egg-shell boats in the river. Little boys whimpering "cause their toes are treaded on;" ladies pouting at their broken hoops; Irish women, with most incredible appliances for sustenance, coolly nursing their "babbies;" "Dr. Spolaski—M. D. A. B. C. G. Q. R. S. T. Y. Z., &c., of World Wide or European fame," striking an attitude and his horse for doing just what he slyly touched up his hind leg to *make* him do! Artists, editors, lawyers, reporters, clergymen, dandies, clerks, coquettes and sailors, all waiting for—the Launch.

Mr. Pax. "Well, Mary, I see no way for us to get a good view but to go aboard that steamer yonder, and get up on the paddle-wheel."

Mrs. Pax. (Quite *consterned.*) "Paddle-wheel? what's that?"

Mr. Pax. "Never mind definitions now; the only vacant place there, will be occupied in a second, if you don't hurry. Come!"

Mrs. Pax very gingerly treads the slight plank from the wharf to the steamer, clutching at Mr. Pax's digits in a most nervous and unbelieving manner, till she gains the deck; and then stops short at the sight of a new feat she is expected to perform, exclaiming reproachfully, "Oh, Pax! I am so bad at ladders!"

"Better at *lads*, I grant you," said the impetuous and merciless Mr. Pax; "now give us your hand, Mary; pshaw, never mind, with such a pair of gaiter boots."

Under the influence of this dexterous and well-timed compliment up—up went Mrs. Pax, clutching and climbing—and so the "paddle-wheel" was gained at last; and a good-natured Irishman makes room for "the leddy," while a biped more pretentious, and less civil, wonders, as he moves the sixteenth part of an inch, "what the ——! women folks want to see a Launch for?"

Mr. Pax mutters "brute!" and then waves his hand triumphantly at the scene before him. Sure enough, what an inspiriting sight! what a delicious health-giving air! how blue the sky! how bright the sparkling waters! how eager the countless thousands who gaze spell-bound at that noble, graceful, majestic ship!

Mrs. Pax. (Unable to express her emotions.) "Oh, Pax!"

Mr. Pax. (Exultingly.) "Ah, I knew just how you would feel, if I could only get you here."

Mrs. Pax. (With a burst of patriotism.) "How beautifully the stars and stripes wave at the ——"

Mr. Pax. (Coming to the rescue.) "*Stern*, my dear."

Mrs. Pax. (Incredulously and disdainfully.) "Stern? I guess so; you won't make me believe, that a vessel goes to sea hind side before."

(Sailor at Mrs. Pax's elbow relieves himself by a suppressed giggle, in which Mr. Pax ungallantly joins.)

Mrs. Pax. "What's all that wood work on her ——?"

Mr. Pax. "*Keel*, you delicious ignoramus! Why, that wood work as you call it is the props; don't you see that the workmen are now engaged in knocking them away? When they are all gone, then—huzza for the launch! How magnificent she is; the largest ship but one ever built."

Mrs. Pax. (Jealously pouting.) "Where was the other built I would like to know?"

Mr. Pax. "In England."

Mrs. Pax. "I am so sorry. I so like to beat those British."

Mr. Pax. (With his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest.) "As an Englishman and a husband, Mrs. Pax, I cannot endorse that little sentiment."

Mrs. Pax. (Adroitly turning the subject.) 'But who is the captain of the Adriatic? who built her? where is she going? and why ain't her—her keel—as you call it—fixed? and where's her masts and things?"

The sailor and Mr. Pax exchange giggles, again, and Mr. Pax makes an abortive attempt to enlighten Mrs. Pax on these points; Mrs. Pax before he half gets through, wandering, woman fashion, to another branch of the subject:

"I say, think of the science it must take to build that ship! Little by little too, as the coral insect builds her cell. Do you remember Longfellow's inimitable lines on "The building of the ship?" I never shall forget the night I heard them read by Fanny Kemble, before a crowded house; simply, earnestly, without one false intonation; every syllable distinctly enunciated;—not chopped—not minced—no rolling of eye-balls—no stage attitudinizing; while Longfellow (his fine classical face all-a-glow) must, as he listened, have thanked God that he had inspired him to write anything so beautiful!

"Day by day, the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Sternson and keelson and sternson knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men.

Mr. Pax. "Fine!—and now, think of the emotions of 'the Master,' at the launch? but hark! hear that underground swell of an huzza. Now—she's going!"

"And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
Take her, O bridge-groon old and grey,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

Mr. Pax. "Beautiful, and well recited; I am maritally bound to believe Fanny Kemble could not have done better."

As the Adriatic glided gracefully and majestically into the water, it were hard to believe her unconscious of her proud beauty. The little boats followed like satellites in her wake, and the tall-masted ships neared the shore, making reluctant way like *passee* belles, for the triumphal advent of Beauty's young Queen. The ringing plaudits of the multitude bore witness to the *personal* interest of each beholder in this *chef-d'œuvre* of American ship-craft, and alike with the balmy air, the fair blue sky, and the sparkling waters, must have been so many cheering omens for the future to the anxious heart of The Builder.

Success to George Steers and the majestic Adriatic! May he glide as gently down the stream of Time, as did this day his noble ship; with as fair a sky, as balmy a gale, and followed by as many heart-cheering, and well-deserved plaudits! Fanny Fern.

IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

Washington, D. C., April 15, 1856.

Mr. Ledger:—A small party here have been reading your agreeable contents, and dicussing the question: Which is the most unfortunate quality for a man to possess, diffidence or impudence? I think the former. Many an able man, who possesses first class talents, is so fettered and oppressed by diffidence or modesty, as to be unable to make an effective speech or argument in public. That, it seems to me, is a very great misfortune. But please give us your views on the subject, and much oblige, Yours truly,

Capitol.

We emphatically disagree with our correspondent. Impudence we look upon as a great blemish, and modesty as a winning grace. It is so, even in public life; for, notwithstanding an *excess* of modesty obstructs the tongue and renders it unfit for its offices, a due proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have particularly recommended it to their pupils. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and concern. The bravest and greatest men often appear timorous on such occasions, while no one is more impudent than a coward or a fool. A just and reasonable modesty not only recommends eloquence, but sets off and adorns every great talent that a man can be possessed of.

An Englishman of recent importation dropped into a restaurant, and made a hearty meal, topping off with a piece of pie. The latter, upon tasting, he found to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter who stood near, he said: "Take this pie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked round to the stove and quietly devoured the pie.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A few mornings since, a family living up town were annoyed by the cries of an infant which seemed to originate on the premises. Search was made, and a handsome boy, about a fortnight old, and neatly dressed, was discovered stowed away in the ash barrel. While they were wondering over the little stranger, a neighbor came in and informed them that his family had found just such another boy in their front area. The two infants were compared, pronounced to be twins, and sent to the foundling hospital.

Within the last seven months, over twenty people have disappeared in New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, who are supposed to have been murdered or else to have committed suicide. Four bodies have lately been washed ashore in Williamsburgh, one in a sack and three in barrels, all of which were horribly mutilated.

A few days since, a gentlemanly looking man, about forty years of age, and seemingly in good health, entered a grocery store in Ninth Avenue, and called for a glass of cider, which was brought to him. He put the glass to his lips, and when he had drank half the cider, fell dead upon the floor.

Alexandr II of Russia wears the same sword that Napolen wore at the battle of Marengo in 1800, and which the Emperor Nicholas bought in 1850, just half a century after that eventful and bloody battle, for the enormous sum of *thirty-two thousand dollars.*

In the county poor-house in Mt. Holly, N. J., a boy was lately put into a cell with a crazy man, as a punishment for some trifling offence. Soon after, a wild fit came upon the man, who seized the boy and killed him in a very short time—mangling him in a most shocking manner.

There is said to be a school mistress in a town in the Western part of the Empire State, who stands six feet and seven inches in her stockings, and she is the shortest of four children—three sisters and one brother.

It is reported that Russia is preparing to concentrate all her energies upon the building of railroads, canals, manufactories, and other internal developments—a most wise policy, and one which will win at last.

As a Mr. Burden, living in Newbern, Alabama, was lying in his bed (having but just retired,) a gun was thrust through an aperture in a broken pane of glass near his head, and his brains blown out. No trace of the murderer could be discovered.

The French soldiers in the Crimea are said to be anxious for peace and home, while the British go in for more fighting. John Bull's war-harness just begins to sit easily upon him, while the French are already tired out and disgusted.

It is confidently predicted by European writers that France and England intend to subvert, and that they will subvert, the Turkish Empire, so far as its possessions in Europe are concerned.

Some English letter-writers at Paris, predict a prolonged session of the Peace Conference, and assert that serious difficulties have arisen which may prevent the consummation of a peace.

A chemist of Cuba has discovered a process for making wine from the juice of the orange and the pine, as pleasant in favor, and equal in quality to champagne.

The first pew in a Congregational church in our neighboring city of Brooklyn, was recently sold five thousand five hundred dollars. Can the poor have that sort of gospel accomodation given them?

A French paper says it has been accidentally discovered that in cases of epileptic fits a black silk handkerchief thrown over the sufferers will relieve them immediately.

Pilgrimages to Jerusalem are becoming all the rage in Europe. A large caravan is soon to set out for the Holy Land, from Marseilles, France, and another from Trieste, Germany.

The British Government has despatched two war-steamers to cruise in search of the Pacific.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Chinese booksellers have an odd way of selling their volumes. They are disposed of, not according to their value, at a fixed price, but according to weight. If on weighing them they are too light, the seller coolly tears some leaves from another book, and throws them into the scale! There are many books published in this country that are *heavy* enough to be sold by weight. Even some volumes of our *light* literature might come under this category.

"I say, Pat, what is the difference between being hung on a gallows like a gentlemen, and being hung on a gibbet?" "Sure, an' in the first place a man hangs only a thrifle of an hour or so, and in the other he hangs *all the days of his life!*"

"Who built the first house?" asked an ambitious school ma'am of a bright little girl, on "exhibition day." "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess Noah did." "Why do you think so, my dear?" "Because he's the first *ark*-itect we read of,"

A Persian poet says:—"Night comes on, when the ink bottle of heaven is overturned." Another calls the evening dew, "the perspiration of the moon."

A distinguished literary lady was once found in a paroxysm of tears over the supposed tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, but which turned out to be an ice house!

It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate, says Dryden; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

"I shall never get out of this scrape alive," as the hog said when they were rubbing the bristles off his back with clam shells and scalding water.

Punch thinks that the Thames is called "The Silent Highway," on the principle that "silence always gives a *scent*."

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely a difference of time—one has feeling and the other has felt.

A New Fashion and a Good one!—It has become a common practice among New Yorkers, who wish to make their friends at a distance a nice present, to subscribe to and send them the New York Ledger for a year. This is a habit which cannot become too general. What more affectionate and ever welcome gift than a year's subscription to such a paper—unless it be a two year's one? And as the recipient every week hangs with delight over the Ledger's elegant pages, what grateful emotions will arise toward the giver. What gentleman would not think it a bargain for two dollars to be thus remembered and blessed fifty-two times a year by some fairy being whose image is daguerreotyped upon his memory.

MARIE.

BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

Sad and alone I sat last night,
Weaving of webs from fancy's woof,
Thinking of thee with a sad delight,
And of joys that sit from my heart aloof—
The fragrant breezes that softly came,
Seemed in passing to breathe thy name.

Long I sat in the evening gloam,
While olden scenes through memory swept,
Till, under the broad and star-lit dome,
Wearied I sank to the earth and slept—
Slept, and the visions that filled my brain,
Carried me back to my youth again.

Then came thou back from the spirit-land—
O, happy was I as I could be,
Once more I clasped in mine own thy hand,
And spake of my burning love for thee;
I gazed and read in thy mild blue eye
A trusting love that could fade nor die.

Once more I drank in the speechless bliss
Thy presence gave to the soul of mine,
Again I pressed a passionate kiss
Of wildest love on the lips of thine.
Oh, God! that I e'er should awakened be,
From such rapturous dreams that come to me.

Side by side in the moon-lit glade—
As in happier days forever gone—
All through the silent night we strayed,
And down by the brook and over the lawn,
And where the rose and the violet bloom,
Shedding around their rich perfume.

And then a change o'er my vision came;
Cold and ghastly I saw thee lay,
Wildly I called upon thy name,
But thy blest spirit had passed away—
Passed to its home of light and love,
To dwell with the pure in heart above.

O the anguish that filled my heart,
When I beheld thee pale and dead,
Nought could solace to me impart,
Hope and the love of life were fled.
And I awoke to my grief anew,
And sigh to think that my dream is true.

NEW YORK, April, 1856.

* * *

NORMA DANTON;

OR THE

ORPHAN OF THE LIGHT HOUSE

TALE OF FRAUD AND REVENGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

James Danton chuckled with horrid glee over the issue of his deep-laid plan. One object of his life was, at length, achieved, but his victim had taken refuge in death, and so he lost the sweetest part of his revenge—the watching the bitter throes and writhings of a soul struggling to regain its tarnished honor.

Otis Marshall, too, was ruined in the downfall of the Leshmans, but he was young and could retrieve his fortunes; and Mr. Danton made him a splendid offer, for May's sake, which he concluded to accept, perhaps for May's sake, also.

Otis Marshall paused to ask himself, "Do I love May Danton? Interested I certainly am, but who would not be when *her* interest is so evident."

He was not heartless in thus speculating on the state of his feelings. He wished, perhaps, to marry, but had not yet met his prototype; hence his wonder at his indifference, so apparent to himself when discussing the momentous question, "Shall I or shall not marry May Danton?"

Otis Marshall had never loved, else he could not have debated so coolly; but when the tempest came which made him bankrupt, and May's father was the first to offer him business assistance—to place at his disposal such sums as would set him on his feet again, and reinstate him in his former position among business men, although his mother's fortune was sufficient for that, he could not but feel grateful to the daughter for the father's kindness and friendship, and he thought warmly, almost lovingly, of May as he acknowledged her father's well-timed benefaction.

And who could guess that, beneath those specious smiles and fair promises of James Danton, lurked the black heart of a villain, now striving to wash itself clean in the first generous impulse of a life time? For, although the carrion bird of remorse screamed over his head, "Where are thy brother's children?" still, it had not yet fixed its merciless beak in his heart, and he could escape from the cry without disbursing his ill-gotten gains.

May heard from her father's lips the story of what he had done for the object of her idolatry, and with a glowing cheek thanked him for the pains he had taken, while her heart fluttered with hopes too sweet for utterance.

Otis came often, but never could his lips frame the little words which only needed to be breathed to make May all his own. His frank heart could not, would not, speak deceitfully; still, it was happiness to her to know him near, to listen to his voice, to sit beside him, and sometimes touch his hand in the plain courtesies of daily intercourse. But when he called her May, as he sometimes did, authorized by their long friendship, oh, it was such happiness! The music of his voice sent the warm blood thrilling through her veins. She was a woman, and she loved!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Poor old Mrs. Jamison had been ill of a fever, and Bell was like a ministering angel in the sick chamber. Now the old lady was recovering, but she could not bear that the young girl should return to her former employment.

Mrs. Jamison was a woman much respected in her own neighborhood, and her recent illness had developed the good qualities of her near neighbors; and finding herself surrounded by so many friends during her convalescence, she formed a plan in her own mind of benefitting her young charge through their influence, and keeping her in a more quiet sphere. The neighbors said she was too delicate to be allowed to go to a workshop.

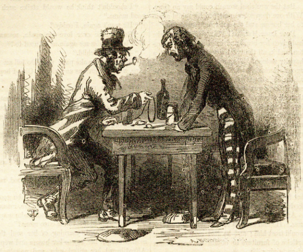
"Then we must find employment for her nearer home."

"And that can be easily done, since she stitches so nicely. There's Mrs. Marshall will pay a good price for a sempstress to take the place of hers, who is just married. She is very particular, but I am sure your girl will suit her. It is so handy, she can be at home noon and night with you."

"If I would suit her I would like it better than going to the shop," said the young girl.

It was tried. Bell did suit Mrs. Marshall, and she could now devote more time to her invalid friend, who was but slowly recovering from her attack.

In a little time, Mrs. Marshall grew very fond of her beautiful sewing-girl, and from her partiality showered upon her many favors to which poor sewing-girls are in general strangers. She would often take her to drive with her, or send her on errands involving pleasant walks, which greatly modified the tediousness which follows as a necessity in the path of those who live by the needle.



CHAFFER THE BURKER SHOWING CRIS HIS "LADY JULIA."

Mrs. Marshall was the worthy mother of a worthy son—her only child. Otis dwelt beneath her roof, and was to her as the apple of her eye.

Bell had been about three weeks in Mrs. Marshall's employ, when she met, by accident, for the first time the son of whom she had heard the mother so often speak. She had returned to the house for a message she had not fully understood, and Mrs. Marshall sent for her to come to the drawing-room, where she was sitting with her son. She looked so innocently beautiful in her simple white gown and plain straw bonnet, that Otis (man of the world as he was, and accustomed to notice only elegant and graceful women) was struck with her singular beauty, and when she had retired again as quietly as she entered he could not forbear questioning his mother concerning the sweet vision which had so charmed him.

"Who is this pretty girl, mother?"

"My sempstress, Otis. She is more than pretty; she is beautiful, and you know I have a penchant for beauty always."

"And you have surpassed your usual success in this instance. Why, mother, she must be some angel strayed or stolen. I never saw a more perfect picture of one."

"She is no picture, I assure you, my son, but a *bona fide* flesh and blood woman, who sews most industriously for her living, but certainly possessing grace of manner and intelligence far superior to her station."

"Where does she come from?"

"She is an orphan, and a relative or *protege* of old Mrs. Jamison. I think I have heard a vague report of her being rescued from some peril by Jamison the policeman, and carried home to his mother, who claimed her as a distant relative, or else I dreamed it. But, although they are very respectable persons and have seen better days, I don't think she belongs to them."

"Nor I either," replied Otis; and the conversation dropped. But afterward, whenever Otis Marshall sat beside May Danton, the face of the beautiful sewing-girl seemed to flit between them. It haunted him. He grew restless and reflective by turns, and pshawed at himself for allowing a creature so humble to obtrude herself upon his thoughts. But the image had found an unoccupied niche in his heart, and was immovably ensconced therein, notwithstanding the master's petulant plucking at it.

Heigh ho! how rarely it occurs to one how many impressions of the same face may be scattered about the universe, daguerreotyped here and there, without leave of the owner. Eyes are sad thieves, and nature is the bird—Justice—standing by, utterly unconscious of the moral declension. It matters but little, the one that takes strongest will be sure to be most lasting.

So thought Ethel Danton, the most successful "lady killer" in town, as he sipped the sweets from the fairest flowers, and went on heedless of the blight on the frail things he touched in passing. With his boon companions over the convivial cup, his success with the fair was a topic for jest, and free discourse, and such light badinage as young men of fashion oft indulge, most pitiful to record when remembering they all had mothers.

Even Mrs. Newbold did not escape the naming, when wine flowed freely and tongues were loose with wanton thoughts. She was a fair mark for the arrows of mischief, and receiving so much of the attention of a young debonnair like Ethel could not fail to make her much observed, perhaps much abused. To be sure she was his sister's friend, yet brows were lifted, lips pursed, eyes twinkled knowingly, and with a monstrous shrugging of pretty shoulders when the charms of the married belle were doubted or discussed. Even her friends allowed "she was a thoughtless creature."

If they had better understood the wayward wanderings of the pound of flesh, which, by mistake is often called a heart, when beating in the breast of passionate folly, when its sole compass is the instinct of a vain frivolity, selfish indulgence its beacon, the wildest verdict would not have been that she was thoughtless; but those who believe themselves friends know little of each other, and a fair woman can play the maddest pranks, even in the very eyes of fondest friends, and yet escape detection. How can one help it if Mercury and Venus preside at one's birth? how can one be expected to conform to the musty rules laid down by the fathers patriarchal from time immemorial?

Hatty Newbold, though breathing an atmosphere of the most refined conversation, which might have exercised a saving influence, and perhaps did to a certain extent, adopted a doubtful philosophy which taught the worship and glorification of self. She was brave in her daring, cowardly in her concealing, but her husband with his armor of affection shielded her from the malicious eyes of flaw pickers, although he knew not such were bent upon her. She was all to him he asked, and his penetration never went deep enough to discover that he was not all in all to her. Men are often vain that way. They think because a fair lady pleases them, and fills quite full their hearts, they cannot but be well mated.

He was pleased to gratify her every wish, to meet her wildest fancies, if she gave them wing on a level with the flight of his understanding, but when once beyond his depths, he conceived her then unreasonable, and sought to clip the airy pinion that soared so high, but could not now recall his dainty bird.

If James Danton had built his hopes upon his son to perpetuate the family state and honor which himself had kept but outwardly, he had staked it on a hope which must fail him fearfully.

The boy who, in his youth, was bent on inflicting torture and death on all his power could grasp, had not changed his nature wholly in the leap to manhood. Violent, self-willed, and extravagant, with all the faults a spoiled child of fortune might possess, he was in his father's hands unmanageable, and to his mother's heart brought grief and terror. Loud and sharp were the altercations between sire and son, for James Danton loved his gold too well to bear patiently to see it squandered even by its heir. But despot as he was in his usual dealings, the young man's strong nature had such power over the father, that their quarrels always ended by his consenting to whatever his son proposed, and yielding to his wishes unreservedly. It would have been a study for a philosopher to mark how this could be accomplished in the coalescence of two such natures. It might be pride, or fear, or affection, or all combined. Strong men are the weakest on some points.

CHAPTER XXIV.

At a late hour in a resturant of rather doubtful repute, in a retired quarter of the town, two men of most unprepossessing appearance were idling with their pipes and ale. One seemed from his looks a veteran in villainy or war; across his low forehead a deep, black scar lay as if a searing iron had been held there, and down his cheek another like a sabre cut, gave a terriffic and sinister expression to his small, round eyes, set deep beneath his shaggy eyebrows. His person was ill-dressed and vulgar in the extreme. His companion might have been a gentleman once but so long ago he had evidently forgotten the appearences. He had fewer years on his back, it may be fewer sins upon his soul, with a great deal of hair about his face, a cold blue eye, and a compression of the muscles around the nose and upper lip which betokened cool determination and a strong insensibility to everything but self-interest. But the glance of the eye alone was not enough to make one shudder, if the head had escaped observation. But the long hair trained to conceal could not quite do so. The ears were cropped and the fingers from the right hand were also wanting to make up the man, so debased from the image after which he was fashioned.

The shorter of the two took his pipe from his lips and knocking the ashes therefrom, spoke gruffly to his companion. "I say, Cris, this ain't no sort of country for respectable pals like we to get our nudgin in free cost for nuffin. Sharp police gets their eye on a gemmen, never takes it off. No chance to do business of a private natur in these wide streets, and such an infernal glowering of gas glums, can't tip the wink to a cove at your elbow, but gruffly the star steps up and axes, 'Vel, vot you doin' here?' and as for hale, do you call that hale,'" thrusting the pewter mug containing the liquid into his companion's face, who seized the beaker so temptingly presented, and drained its contents at a draught. Then slowly wiping the foam from his mouth with his maimed hand, he replied to the following effect, employing many slang phrases perhaps in order to make himself more intelligible to his companion: "That ain't so bad, but this is a precious place to git chawed up. Of course there ain't anybody out but us to excite suspicion, oh! no, by no means! You and I looks like gentlemen of the turf, a little distinguished of course; yes, a little distinguished, but by no means remarkable. Now, nobody would think we could ever sling a slug, or trip a trawler, and could never guess how well we've served her Majesty, in her private dominions, at her special request. Let's have some more ale. I'm as thirsty as a bloodhound, when he tracks the scent. Besides, Chaffer, you didn't think I requested you to meet you here just to see you guzzle ale, and find fault with it, did you?"

"Well no, pal, to tell the truth——"

"That's what you seldom do," interrupted Cris; "so don't attempt it; it's like trying to speak a gab you never learned."

"Well so it is. I shan't try. I know'd you wanted sunthin' neat done, sunthin' in my style. Hey, what's the row, and what's to pay? You must plank the shiners, no trusting old friends in a strange land, 'specially if you knows 'em well," and he grinned a horrid grin at the cold, blue eyes, "'case you see this ain't summer where a pall shows his ground, and can take a short tack to get out of the way of the smirchers."

"You're broke down, Chaffer, you are; you're a'most clean gone man! You're as timid as a female woman that hain't no pap for her squatter. You're frightened afore you're hurt."

"You lie, Cris, eres to back it, if you say so." And he drew a pair of small pistols from his breast, handing one to his comrade, as he spoke.

"Put up your barkers, man; only wanted to try your stuff; good as new; all right, old pal; put up your barkers. Hansome pair, where did you git 'em?"

"I did a gentleman a small service one evening; relieved him of a small quantity of unnecessary articles, unnecessary in course to one as was found missing and turned up nine days arter a floater, as was supposed had drowned himself into eternity, though foul play was suspected from some ugly marks about the neck."

"How did you stop his blab when he had the barkers?" inquired Cris, with some show of curiosity.

"Easy nuff, cause Lady Julia helped me; you see this ere," as after a wary glance around him, he drew from the neighborhood of the pistols a small coil of hempen cord, curiously knotted at one end, and looped with a noose at the other.

"What's that?" said Cris.

The horrid wretch leaned forward till his face almost touched his companion's, and slowly uttered one single word, at which, if possible, the cold face of Cris turned colder, although he repeated the word after him, "Burke?"

"Burke!"

"Never stare man. I was one of Burke's best pals, never mind my man or woman either. I brought more money to my master than all the other coves put together, though they did swing at Newgate for their share. I am the only one left of the gang, the only one as knows the secret. I can throw the loop at ten paces, and snake my man from under the very nose of the smircher. I catches the bird while he beats the bush, hey, Cris?"

"I don't see how it's done," said Cris.

"Lord, ee don't? I'll show ee."

In an instant the wretch had taken his distance outside the door of the tap-room, and before the tall villain could speak, the noose was thrown skillfully from the distance, as quickly as though the disciple of Burke were snaking him, as he called it, by the neck. He could only gurgle a sound, unable to utter a single word, so swift and sure was the method of dispatch; but it was not the intention of Chaffer to murder him; another instant and he withdrew the noose, and left him to shake himself clear of the disagreeable experience of hanging which, though he had often come near, never so near as to taste it before.

"Get your infernal rope out of my sight," said he huskily, as soon as he could articulate.

"Ha! ha! ain't it effectual?" chuckled the Burker. "I likes it cause it's so quiet."

"That fact isn't to be disputed," replied Cris, and he reseated himself at the table with the call, "bring me some brandy; a damned unpleasant sensation hanging must have about the throat."

"Oh! a cove is soon cured when it comes to that," said the Burker. With horrid facetiousness they bandied jest after jest, while applying themselves to the strong liquor before them, without regard to quantity or quality.

"Now," said Chaffer, "spot me your man, and let's to business."

"No such strong matter. The man ain't easily spotted, because the spot's wery uncertain. It isn't a man that is wanted. Do you take?"

"Hem! Well I mought be able to smell your meaning."

"If it was old enough," said Cris, laying his finger horizontally against his nose. "That's the devil of it, it musn't be too old."

"Have 'em fresh as you like, a gentle hug from lady Julia sets that all right," and he placed his hand caressingly on the hempen cord in his bosom.

"Oh! curse Lady Julia if that's what you mean," said Cris with a rueful grimace at the recollection of his recent acquaintance with the hugging capacity of Chaffer's bosom companion, "and a word of advice in season. Don't attempt anything of the sort in this country, for if you're blowed you'll be boxed for life for carrying off the dead body of a pauper for the scientific gentlemen to cudgel their brains on; and, after all, what do they know more for cutting and slashing the dead flesh and tumbling the cold blood and senseless nerves from their places, the blood ain't the same it was. They see the heart's a heart but what of that. They talk learnedly about chemical changes. It's my private opinion that death, taken into a man's stomach, produces about as much of a chemical change as anything that can be amalgamated."

"Hold on Cris, seems to me you're dipping deep into them doctor swells; they're a cursed pack, get paid for all the murders they commit while we chaps who do the things gentle, without turning a man's stomach, why we has to jeopardize our necks for taking off a few just to keep our hands in."

"Well," said Cris, "all that's wanted now is a carcass or two for the dissecting room out yonder; there's earnest of the pay" and he placed a piece of gold in the ready hand of Chaffer, "and as much more when the job is done."

"'Tain't much," said Chaffer with a dissatisfied growl, "but it may open the high way to sumthin better. When is the job to do?"

"Meet me here to-morrow night, we'll take a social mug and fix the plan. Now we'll take separate roads, as two such very distinguished-looking individuals might attract the particular regards of the charleys;" and the two worthies slunk away to their dens to spend the day which was now dawning, in sleeping off the effects of the very tame revel, or rather to keep out of sight until the evening when they would again consort like carrion bids to mature their nefarious projects.

CHYPTER XXV.

Some hours later Hatty Newbold and Ethel Danton conversed in low tones in the lady's boudoir. She held her guitar in her lap, which ever and anon she touched with trembling fingers as her impassioned lover put some hasty question which it seemed she dared not directly answer.

"Hatty you own you love me and yet you hesitate to make me happy."

"Because a sense of duty withholds me."

"Duty! you owe no duty but to yourself and me. The time is ripe, the hour propitious, everything invites, youth, beauty, love. The world won't blame us long, dear, or if it does what shall we heed it; a foreign land will be our home. Queen of my soul consent."

"Oh! Ethel, Newbold is very kind to me, and though I have discovered too late that I do not love him yet I fear to snap the bond asunder; and then if you should change."

"That is impossible. How can you bear the thought of living as the wife of one you do not love?"

"'Tis at least safer than to live with one I do love without that claim."

"Then must I go alone?" and he leant forward till his breath touched her beautiful lips. She raised her eyes to his and the tears gathered slowly in the bright orbs. His hand clasped hers with a warm pressure as it lay on the strings of the guitar and the instrument sent forth a mournful trill. Her head dropped upon his shoulder. The vow "to love honor and obey" was forgotten; passion had conquered.

"I could not live without you. I will go with you," she murmured. Poor woman! even her strength was weakness.

"Day after to-morrow then, dearest, when the English steamer leaves the pier she will bear us over the sea, and you will be all mine forever."

"All yours forever," she whispered.

Ethel Danton sealed his loyalty on the fair hand of Hatty Newbold. They were to meet that evening and the next at parties, the first at Mrs. Newbold's own house, the second at Mr. Danton's where a select few were asked to say good bye to young Danton ere he went abroad; and they would join the revels of the innocent and gay and seem as joyous and indifferent as though no dark secret coiled about their hearts. They tacitly avoided each other, and somebody had the impudence to remark that Ethel Danton had danced but once with Mrs. Newbold and there must be something in the wind, "for he leaves the country day after to-morrow."

Mr. Newbold caught the whisper. Jealousy is of quick growth. His first impulse was to grasp the miscreant by the throat who had dared couple his wife's name with a doubt and make him answer dearly for the insult and such repayal of the hospitalities of the house in which he was an invited guest. But he checked himself instantly as an unwelcome reflection in an opposite mirror flashed on his eye. It was but a single look exchanged between his wife and

Ethel Danton. It gave him an ague chill; 'twas but a look he tried to reason, perhaps meant nothing, but it haunted him the whole long night.

Soon the fete was done, their guests were gone and they were left alone, each with a private cause for restless thought of which the other might not know. He had determined one thing,' to be convinced through his own eyes and ears ere he would chide her.

The light of morning flashed its rosy beams throughout her chamber. Mr. Newbold gazed on the face of his young wife, at rest on the pillow close beside him, or simulating sleep so well it might be mistaken for reality. He contemplated her face, he knew she was gay and loved society but doubt her truth he could not, would not. He longed to waken her and tell her of the thought that like a thief had stolen upon him, ask her if she were happy and he could do aught to increase the measure of it, but she slept so calmly, so deeply, no! he would not disturb her by so much as a gentle kiss, though 'twould have been such joy to him to feel her lips pressed warm against his own. He would not waken her, and with the comfort which perusal of her face, so sweetly ingenious in youth and beauty, gave him, he fell asleep and when he woke Hatty was in her dressing room.

She met him with the same calm indifference that had marked her converse with him for many weeks, and half his doubts, returned but yet he could not bear to worry her with his sick, jealous fancies.

The pangs of jealousy are like attacks of intermittent fever; it goes and comes, and when the fit is on conviction is more than certainty, when it leaves one for a little it seems that the actual certainty might be construed into nothing.

His thoughts were more at home than they had been for months and he left the counting-room early in the day and went there. He went into the library. Mrs. Newbold was in the little bijou of a boudoir where she seemed to live. He ascertained from the servants that she had visitors. It did not disturb him that his wife had visitors, but as he passed the half-closed door he heard the voice of Ethel Danton. At first he thought he would go in then; with the momentary generosity that always accompanies jealousy in a noble mind, he wondered at himself that he should feel more anxious to see his wife that day than any other day in the whole year. Yet his voice was husky as he ordered wine to be brought him. He was fearfully restless, walked hurriedly up and down the rooms, great drops of perspiration rolled from his face. He was mastered by his doubt again. He knocked at his wife's door.

"Come in," she was alone. "Are you ill Mr. Newbold?" exclaimed Hatty, starting as he entered.

"No, yes, Hatty I believe I am ill, but I don't know what ails me," he said, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Will you have a physician?"

"Oh no I am not ill enough for that; are you a good nurse Hatty? I believe I must test my little wife on that score as I have not yet." There was something very touching in the face and the tones of the voice of the strong man, as he leant to the weaker in that moment of suffering.

"I'm afraid I am not a very good nurse," replied the wife, "but if you are really ill I will do my best to—to—relieve you."

"You will. It almost makes me well to hear you say so Hatty; kiss me dear. It seems as if I had not seen you for weeks except at a distance and with a gulf between us. I hope it is not impassable. I hope so, Hatty, for I love you very tenderly; and I could not bear that you should not love me, as I have feared sometimes you do not. But why do you turn so pale and gasp so, darling? Have I hurt you with my rude fancies? Forgive me. I'll never speak of it again," and he knelt down trying to soothe his wife. She was wildly weeping, leaning on the arm of the couch where she had leaned but yesterday when she made that promise to Ethel.

A wild impulse seized her to unfold all to her husband, for his sufferings touched her, and the ague of anguish that shook her, seemed to have purified her soul as thunder does the air; but alas! she did not yield to the diviner impulse, else how much of sorrow had been spared her. Poor thing, she is a stranger to her own heart still; but in a fearful moment she will stand confronted with the truth.

Mr. Newbold blamed himself for thus disturbing and making her unhappy, and did his best to calm the tempest he had raised. At last the sobs were hushed, and seeming quiet was regained.

Mrs. Newbold wrote a note to excuse herself to May Danton. She felt too wretched for a party that night, "a farewell party too;" a tear fell on the paper as she thought "it is the last time I can call May friend, though I must love her more than ever. Oh! dear Ethel, for your sake what do I not resign, home, kindred, friends, and that most priceless jewel of a woman's soul, my honor, all given up. I do not regret my promise," and a gleam of that new philosophy shone out to comfort her; "for if I love him as I feel I do, that love will sanctify the deed, and make me worthier. I think I'm acting justly to myself, and surely I am to my own great end. I must be true to the best dictates of my nature. Oh! I am so bewildered I know not true from false. Am I deceived? Oh, for one word from Ethel; he, he alone can reasure me."

It was one of the grand gala nights at the Dantons'. The house was illuminated and decorated with the usual regardlessness of expense on such occasions. Mrs. Danton, felicitous as ever, all smiles to her guests, though of course a fashionable degree of graceful sadness on the eve of her son's departure mingled with them, and Mr. Danton, beaming with urbanity and benevolence, did the honors of the princely *fete* with unsurpassed dignity. With May there was something lacking to make up her joy. In the first place, Mrs. Newbold had excused herself, which was a decided disappointment; then from Otis Marshall came a kind note regretting his inability to be with them on that evening. May had many regrets to master. Ethel was more brilliant than ever. Bon mots flashed from his lips sparkling and profuse. He meant at least to leave a reputation for wit behind him. He said good things every minute, and behind the fire of his artillery May's melancholy escaped observation, or was not wondered at. He knew how changed the faces of those friends would be to-morrow, but it was his last evening at home perhaps for years. He would, in more ways than one, give them good cause to remember that farewell.

With music and mirth the hours moved on, and at length the guests were gone, and the empty rooms looked desolate in their glittering splendor. May sighed deeply as she paced slowly through them, after bidding her brother farewell, for he would spend that last night in town where the family would meet him in the morning to say good-bye. The servants were already busy in removing the withering garlands from the chandeliers, and putting out the lights. She went to her room and stood for a moment at the open window, but a sense of oppression was at her heart. Her maid came to undress her, but she bade her go to her rest, she would undress alone, and without removing an article of her rich attire, she went out on the verandah and so out into the linden walk. It was bright starlight, and the diamonds on her neck and bosom twinkled back the lustrous radiance they rivalled. May's eyes were lifted upward in silent reverie, but her thoughts were tending earthward. She wandered on absorbed in reverie without a dream of danger, for what was there to fear in those retired and statue-bordered walks. The silent marbles gleamed white and shimmering through the rich foliage which the quivering starlight touched with mystic beams; but in and out from one to another of those white forms of marble silence, a dark figure stole noiselessly, pausing as she paused, advancing as she advanced, a dark huge mass with fierce eyes peering strangely out from the bushy brows—how the wretch gloated on his unconscious victim. Every step she took made her more surely his. A satanic joy scintillated from his scarred and horrid lineaments as his avaricious eyes were strained to note the wealth of gems she wore. Holy Father! she seats herself at the foot of the statue of Apollo. Is there no angel monitor to warn her of her fate? None. She is alone, past midnight, in the linden walk not twenty paces from her father's door, but at the mercy of Chaffer, the Burker.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

THE REDEEMED ONE.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Lucy Marston sat in her small kitchen, and her only companion was her child. The mother was young, not over five-and-twenty, and possessed a face of rare beauty and sweetness. But now there was a cloud upon her brow, and her face was pale, and a tear stood trembling upon her long lashes. It was past ten o'clock at night, and yet her husband had not come. The season was early Spring, and as the air without was chill and damp she was obliged to sit by the fire. She had prepared supper at the usual hour, but no husband had come to partake with her. And there the table yet stood, and upon the stove the tea-kettle sang its simmering song all unconscious of the tearful eye that watched it. So Lucy had placed no fire in the sitting-room.

Upon a low stool at her feet sat her boy. He was a curly-haired, bright-eyed child, who had seen the suns of four summers and the frosts of five winters. He lay now with his head in his mother's lap, and a deep sleep had closed his lids and hushed his soul to rest. The wind sighed mournfully about the corners of the house, and the pattering upon the windows told that a rain-storm was coming.

Larger and larger grew that tear upon the mother's lid, and by and by it fell upon the face of her boy. He started up and rubbed his eyes, and having realized where he was he gazed up into his mother's face.

"Mama," he said—and his low, sweet voice sounded mournfully—"has papa come?"

"No, my child."

"And why don't he come, mama?"

"I don't know, Freddy."

The child watched the working features of his mother for some moments, and then he asked, with strange earnestness,—

"Are you crying because he don't come?"

But the mother could not answer.

"Mama—mama," the little one uttered, more eagerly than before, "does papa know that you cry when he don't come? Oh, he don't know it, does he?—because if he did he wouldn't stay so. I shall tell him how my mama cries."

Lucy Marston caught the child to her bosom and wept aloud. Oh! what a pain was in her heart—what a fear in her soul! And how many in the great city watch by the lonely fireside with that same gloom upon them!

"Oh! mama," the child cried, "will papa ever be good to us again as he used to be? He don't take me in his arms now and kiss me when he comes home. Don't you remember when he used to kiss me?—and how he used to take you in his lap, and me in his lap, and then how you used to smile, and be so happy! Oh! mama, I'm afraid——"

"Of what, Freddy?" whispered the mother, struggling with all her power to keep her sobs back.

"Oh! I'm afraid papa don't love us as he did once."

"Yes, yes, he does, my child."

"Then what makes him do so? Why—why—" and the child's voice sunk to a shuddering whisper—"why did he strike you last night?"

"It was not papa!—It was not papa! It was a demon that he took to his soul—a—a—"

But the wretched woman could say no more. With one deep sob she clasped her child again to her bosom, and the hot tears flowed fast.

Poor Lucy Marston! Six years before she had given her heart and hand to Alfred Marston, and in all the great city there was not a happier woman. Then only nineteen years of age, she looked forward upon the course with all the high hopes of the joyful, noble heart; and if there was one source to which, more than all others, she looked for lasting peace and joy, it was to the generous, devoted love of her husband. Alfred was then a clerk in a wholesale establishment, receiving a good salary, and laying up money. And so passed on four years of just such happiness as Lucy had hoped for. But a cloud at length arose, and now it hung like a dark pall over her way. She had seen it from the moment when it made its appearance in the horizon, but she could not make her husband see it. He had only laughed at her fears, and at times he had been really offended because of the fears which she held.

And now Alfred Marston was out of business. He had become so unsteady that no one would trust him; and he had even sold some articles of furniture to obtain the bare means of sustaining life.

The clock struck eleven, and the weeping wife and mother was upon the point of putting her child to bed, when she heard some one at the door, and shortly afterwards the bell rang. She placed Freddy upon the lounge, and then went to the door, where she found two policemen with her husband.

"Is this the home of this man, ma'am?" one of the men asked.

"Yes, sir," gasped Lucy. "Oh! is he hurt?"

"No—only pretty well drunk!"

Oh! how those harsh, unfeeling words struck upon the poor woman's ears!

"Just show us the way to his bed, ma'am, and we'll carry him in. You couldn't steady him now, for he's heavy."

Faint and trembling the wife turned towards the stairs and the policemen followed her leading her husband. Into the neatly-arranged chamber she guided them, and having reached the bed she drew back the outer coverlet, and the stout men lifted the insensible form upon it.

"It's a shame—a bloody shame," uttered one of them, as he stepped back from the bed. "Perhaps you are his wife, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," Lucy whispered, with a mighty effort.

"Well, well—they will do so; but what fun they find it I cannot see. And such a wife, too! But can't ye persuade him to stay in to-morrow? We shall have to take him up soon. What a fool!"

And with these words the officers left. Lucy conducted them to the door, and then she returned to the kitchen where she had left her child. He was sound asleep, and without waking him she carried him up and put him into his little bed. Then she took the light and went to her husband. She gazed a moment upon the bloated and distorted features, and then she sank down upon her knees.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "have mercy on him! Save him! Oh, save him! Alfred—my husband! Oh! you'll kill your wife and child! God have mercy! mercy! mercy!"

The distant bell sounded the hour of twelve as the unhappy wife lay down by the side of her child to sleep. She dared not rest by her husband's side, for in his wild, maniac dreams he thrashed his arms about furiously. As the deep tones of the midnight bell sounded through the heavy air they struck upon her soul like the knell of the grave-voice. She placed her arm about the form of her boy as though she would shield him from the touch of the demon: and thus, with the prayer upon her lips of "Save him—oh save him!" she sank into an uneasy slumber.

The morning broke dull and gloomy, with clouds and rain; and Alfred Marston awoke with an aching head and parching lips. He asked for water, and his wife was by his side in a moment. He grasped the pitcher in both his shaking hands, and drank deeply. He did not look his wife in the face, but with a deep groan he sank back upon his pillow and closed his bloodshot eyes. Towards the middle of the forenoon he got up and tried to eat something, but he could not. His stomach could not bear it. Several times during the day he expressed a desire to go out, but by the most earnest and gentle persuasions his wife dissuaded him from the idea. She did not say one word about the affair of the night before, and though she could not smile, yet she was mild and gentle, and her words were sweet and kind.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Alfred fell asleep, and his wife took her sewing and sat down by the window at the foot of the bed. An hour afterwards her child came in and sat down by her side. The step of those tiny feet was hardly enough to awaken a man from such a sleep, but yet he awoke. Perhaps there was some angel presence flitting around that boy that flapped its wings close upon the sleeper's ears, and thus started him up from his sleep. But though he awoke, yet he did not speak. He lay there, and his breathing was long and heavy as before, so his wife supposed he still slumbered.

"Mama," spoke the boy, loud enough for the father to hear distinctly, "is papa sick?"

"Yes, my child. Don't make a noise."

"I won't," said the little voice, softly, but yet plainly. "But is papa very sick?"

"Yes, Freddy."

For some moments the child was silent, and he seemed pondering deeply upon some interesting topic. At length he said,—and there was a hopefulness in his tone,—

"Mama, wasn't papa sick when he struck you?"

"Yes—yes, Freddy. But you musn't speak of it again. He didn't mean to strike me."

"I shouldn't think he would strike such a good mama."

"He won't again, Freddy."

"But will he ever love me again, mama? Will he ever kiss me again as he used to?"

"——sh, my child."

"But I won't wake papa up. Do tell me if papa will ever love us any more. Oh—I hope he will."

"So he will, Freddy."

There was another silence of some moments, and then the child spoke again, and this time with a simple earnestness that seemed strange for one of his years:

"Mama, can God hear us when we talk to him?"

"Yes—yes, my child."

"And if I am good won't He do what I ask him to do?"

"Anything that is really for your good, my son."

"Well—I mean to be good—I will be good always so that God will help papa. Oh, mama, if I am always good won't God make papa well, and make him love me once more?"

With one frantic yearning of her soul the mother caught her boy to her bosom and wept. Alfred heard her stifled sobs, and noiselessly he raised himself upon his elbow and gazed upon her. His own eyes were filled with tears, and marks of intense pain were upon his brow. He saw his child—his noble, generous child—pillowed upon the bosom of his devoted wife, and the picture startled him. When he settled back upon his pillow again his hands were clasped, and his lips moved with some silent utterance of the soul. There was at that moment a mighty power at work within him, and in the depth of his awakened love he took a solemn oath. But he was determined that the oath should not be spoken aloud until his life had in a measure proved its sincerity.

Evening came, and Alfred managed to eat a light supper which his wife had prepared. The night passed away, and when the morning came two officers called for Alfred Marston.

"For what?" asked the frightened wife, turning pale.

"Only as a witness," was the reply.

When Alfred came down he found that a subpœna had been served, and he must appear at court. The officer could not tell him what the case was. In a short time the young man was ready, and when he reached the court-house he found that on the evening of his last debauch a man had been killed in a row at a drinking-house where he had been present.

Alfred Marston was called upon the stand, but he could tell nothing of what had happened on the occasion alluded to; and he was not a little startled to learn that he had then been in company with a gang of the most notorious scoundrels and villains in the city—that he had been seen drinking and playing with them.

"Young man," said the Judge, as soon as it was found that Alfred had left the place before the man was killed, "I should hardly suppose that one like you belonged to such company. God grant that I may not see you here again under like circumstances."

Alfred left the court-house, and when he had reached a point where no one could see him he stopped. He bowed his head and remained for a long time in deep thought. At length he started up, and having clasped his hands as though he held some resolution there which he would not have escape him, he started on. With quick steps he moved on, and he stopped not until he had reached the large store of James Weston. At the door he hesitated, but it was only for a moment. He went in, and he had the good fortune to find Mr. Weston alone in his private counting-room.

The merchant was a kind, generous-looking man, somewhere past fifty, with a cast of countenance which marked firmness and decision of character.

"Ah, Marston—is this you?" the merchant said, as he noticed the young man.

"Yes, sir," Alfred replied, in a low, tremulous voice. He hesitated a moment, but his resolution came back to him, and with tears in his eyes and upon his cheeks, he resumed,—

"For God's sake, sir, do not spurn me from you. Night before last I was down—down—O, God! I cannot tell you how low! I was carried home. Yesterday I heard an angel speak, and as though a blaze from heaven had entered my soul melted my evil genius away. This morning I have been before a magistrate. I was called up as a witness. I had been among the vilest of the vile, and in the haunts of murderers and thieves! Once I thought I could take the social glass in safety, but I think so no more. In the glass lurks death, and death alone, for me. Within the *first glass* lies all my danger. If I keep clear of that then there is no more danger for me. And now, sir, I have sworn that the accursed poison passes my lips no more! I can die—but my grave shall not close over the remains of a drunkard! Can you take me back here once more? Oh! give me one more trial—one more!"

"Alfred Marston," cried the merchant, taking the young man by the hand, "are you earnest and sincere in this? Is your resolution so fixed that you will not swerve?"

"I cannot swerve, sir," Alfred replied, solemnly and earnestly. "I am not a villain, sir. I know I have promised before, but I have always reserved the right to take a social gla with a friend. I have never been wise till now. Let what will come from this day—let penury and want stare me in the face—let starvation lay me low—let rags cover me, and paupers be my mates—from this time forth, while I have the mind of manhood with its memory left, I will touch not to my lips a drop of beverage that can intoxicate. I ask you, sir, to witness my oath, and whether I come here again or not, do you despise me as a wretch beneath all honest contempt if I break it!"

Again the merchant reached forth and grasped the young man's hand. There were tears in his eyes, and his lip trembled.

"Alfred," he said, "your place has not yet been filled, for there has been a strange whispering in my soul that I had better not do it. I have seen your noble wife go by, and I thought you could not long be a brute with such a companion."

"Oh, sir," gasped the youth, while the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain, "you do not half know that noble being yet. *And I struck her!* Oh! my God! when I knew it—when I first realized the whole truth—then it was that the blaze melted into my soul! When I heard her—But I cannot go on. Only believe me now—"

"I do, Alfred—I do. Come to me when you can, and the old place is yours. When shall it be?"

"Say to-morrow morning."

"Then so be it. And may God be with and help you!"

Lucy Marston sat by the window of her little kitchen, and she had become uneasy, when she heard the door open upon the street, and in a moment more, that well-known step. Her husband entered. He was pale, but he was sober. Her heart leaped joyfully in her bosom, and she turned away to hide the tears which she could not keep back. Oh! how hard she worked to keep Hope within her power!

During that day not one word was spoken upon what had passed. Alfred eat some dinner, and at supper time his appetite was good. That night he slept well, and on the following morning he eat his breakfast, and then prepared to go out. He had resolved not yet to speak upon the one great theme; but he could not go away and leave that noble being in painful doubt all the day long.

"Alfred—will you——"

The wife could say no more. He gazed a moment upon her bowed head, and then he resolved to tell her all. He opened his arms and pressed her to his bosom, and then, in deep, earnest tones—tones which came gushing up from a redeemed and bounding heart, all tuned to seraphic music—he poured forth the story of his redemption. Not one doubt now lingered in the wife's mind. Every word came to her laden with heavenly truth, and when the strain had ceased she flung her arms wildly about her husband's neck, and sobbed until her very heart seemed ready to break with the frantic joy that burst into life there.

By and by the husband and wife became more calm, and then Alfred caught his boy in his arms.

"My noble child," he cried, while his frame shook with the wild emotion, "you have helped to save your father. Yes, yes, Freddy,—God has answered your prayer."

And then Alfred Marston went to the store. He took his old place once more, and he found that all the clerks were generous and kind; and ere he left the place that night they had all sworn with him that henceforth and forever the social glass should be banished.

Time passed on, and with each succeeding day Alfred Marston became more and more firmly established in the noble course he had marked out. And many a time, when he turned his thoughts upon the memory of the past, did he wonder how he could ever have been so wilfully, blindly foolish as to trust himself upon the brink of the fatal precipice from whence no answering good can come, but only destruction dark and drear!

And in that home where the dark cloud rested so long, the sun shines brightly now.

"Mama," cries Freddy, as he clings fondly around his mother's neck, "won't I always be good—always, always—because papa is so very good to you and me?"

AMBITION.

Ambition is the most troublesome and vexatious passion that can afflict the sons of men. Virtue hath not half so much trouble in it, for it sleeps quietly without startings and affrighting fancies; it looks cheerfully, smiles with much serenity, and though it laughs not often, yet it is ever delightful in the apprehensions of some faculty. It fears no man nor no thing, nor is it ever discomposed, and no concernments in the great alterations of the world; and entertains death like a friend, and reckons the issue of it as the greatest of its hopes. But ambition is full of distractions; it teems with strategems, as Rebecca with struggling twins, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as the wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of its heart-strings crack. It fears when none is nigh, and prevents things that never had intention, and falls under the inevitability of such accidents, which either could not be foreseen or not prevented. It is an infinite labor to make a man's self miserable, and the utmost acquist is so goodly a purchase, that he makes his days full of sorrow to enjoy the troubles of a three-years' reign. Therefore there is no greater unreasonableness in the world than in the design of ambition; for it makes the present certainly miserable, unsatisfied, troublesome, and discontented for the uncertain acquisition of an honor which nothing can secure; and besides a thousand possibilities of miscarrying, it relies upon no greater certainty than our life, and when we are dead, all the world sees who was the fool.

PHANTOM WHISPERS.

BY EMILY P. LESDERNIER.

Hours of loneliness unnumbered,
  Mine decreed, the Fates have sealed,
While to eyes that never slumbered,
  Stands the naked soul revealed.

Here are none to sooth my anguish,
  None to count the sighs I heave:
Thus on Time's gray shores I languish,
  And o'er sad memorials grieve.

Through the silent, dusky doorway,
  Creeping phantoms, one by one,
Stealing in, in ghostly array,
  Flit around my chill hearthstone.

Mingling their sepulchral whispers
  Taunt me with the wasted hours,
With them come two tiny lispers
  In their pale hands clasping flowers.

These they strive to weave in garlands,
  For the mourner's throbbing brow;
But the blossoms plucked in far-lands,
  Earth-airs quickly wither now—

And they fall as dead as ashes
  On the stone my tears have worn;
So, the wretched human dashes
  Hopes that e'en of heaven are born.

Hopes with gleams of consolation
  Flickering through the sombre gloom,
Through the brooding desolation
  Show the dwellers of the tomb.

Haunting faces dimly shaded
  With long tresses, golden hued,
Earnest eyes that early faded
  Quenched in death, with tears bedewed;—

Glancing fond with tenderest meaning,
  Beckon me with them to go;
And, on spirit-bosoms leaning,
  Sleep from every sense of woe.

In the cold realms of obstruction,
  Fold the careless hands from toil;
Let the spheres reel to destruction,
  Quit the warfare, spurn the toil,

Lift the veil that shrouds the Isis,
  Grasp the mystery, 'tis thine;
All that is, must be, and right is,
  Snatch the cup and drain the wine.

In that deep oblivion's quiet,
  Dreamless years shall onward roll,
Cycling ages vainly riot,
  O'er thy still unconscious soul.

"Sleep—forget—thy cares are banished
  With the close of life's dull lore."
Slowly, then, the phantoms vanished,
  Vanished through the dusky door.

Yes, they have the truth outspoken!
  Time is palsy-struck with age;
My life's golden bowl is broken,
  Blot my name from off the page.

But the little angel lispers
  With soft wings, as white as snow,
Folded me, with tearful whispers,
  Murmuring, "Mother do not go."

THE VEILED LADY;

OR,

HARVEY BRADFORD'S INSPIRATION.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

> God hath created nights
> As well as days to deck the varied globe;
> Peace comes as oft, clad in the dusky robe
> Of desolation, as in white attire. BEAUMONT.

Years ago, I suppose it is not necessary to tell how many; when I was a little girl, I used to go every Sabbath to a quiet New England church, or meeting-house as it was termed in primitive country parlance. This meeting-house stood in the midst of an extensive green, with long rows of sheds behind it, where the country people tied their horses and fed them, all day, with the hay which they brought for that purpose in their great wagons or sleighs, which also contained ample stores of good things for their own consumption.

This church was small and primitive in construction, though the exterior was neatly painted white, and it had in its small belfry a tinkling bell which weekly roused the mountain echos, or tolled, in solemn numbers, the age of each parishioner for miles around, as he "shuffled off his mortal coil," and swung mournfully as his friends and neighbors bore him to his last rest. No paint or fresco, however, adorned its interior. The wooden galleries, the square boxes called pews, even the pulpit were of deal, grown brown and mellow-tinted with age.

The pulpit deserves a separate paragraph, for never since have I seen its like. Imagine a square box of unpainted boards, some eight feet in height, with a wooden railing at top, and in the center a reading desk and faded crimson cushion, evidently a pulpit, but with no visible means of ingress. A narrow space in front of the pulpit was railed off, a little gate opened into this space, and a door of similar dimensions appeared in front of the pulpit. Probably there were stairs beneath the pulpit, for the officiating clergyman, after disappearing through this door, would presently be seen emerging above the railing of the desk. It is currently related that a strange minister, who once exchanged with our pastor, after vainly endeavoring to discover the way to the pulpit, was forced to seek the guidance of Deacon Morrisson, and finally appeared above the desk with crimsoned cheeks, and in a profuse perspiration.

On the left of this pulpit was the pew of the "Squire," as the great man of the place was called, and on the right the Deacon's pew, square and brown like the rest, but larger, and commanding a view of the whole house.

The Pastor of our little church, at the period when our story opens, was a young man, a recent graduate, who had come with reluctance and humility to fill the place of old Parson Green, who, not long before, had died, after having ministered to that congregation more than forty years.

Parson Green had married, and baptized, and stood by the graves of the people of Chichester all those years; and every Sabbath he had broken to them the bread of life. All loved him. The young reverenced him. The old had seen his locks whiten with their own. He had shared the joys and sorrows of the middle-aged. He was to each as father, or as friend. So when Harvey Bradford was invited to take his place, it is not surprising that he shrunk from a position which another had filled so worthily. He expected criticism and censure. Belonging to another generation his ways, he well knew, were not as Parson Green's ways, and use had made *them* most acceptable to the people of Chichester.

Sunday after Sunday, Harvey Bradford climbed into that tall pulpit, and gazed down with a sick heart upon those shrewd, brown faces all turned toward him attentively, but, as he well read, their expression keenly critical. His sermons were earnest and pathetic, or powerful and convincing, but they were not like old Parson Green's, and he knew that instead of pondering the truths he uttered, every mind, involuntarily, busied itself in comparisons which prejudice and habit would not allow to be just.

Harvey Bradford was born a genius, but poverty and the thousand circumstances of an adverse fate had, not a little, dwarfed and repressed his powers. By a hard struggle he had acquired his profession, and that struggle had made him humble. He was scarcely more conscious of his powers than his shrewd but simple parishioners, but he felt as all who are surrounded by ungenial influences feel, the want of appreciation, and, even more, the want of love.

It is true there was no lack of attention. The young pastor was beset by invitations to tea-parties, and his reading and sermon-making sadly interrupted by calls. There were a good many young, and some uncertain-aged ladies in his congregation who, probably, had no objection to the idea of the cares and duties of a minister's wife; and who, at any rate, manifested their kind feelings toward their bachelor minister by a thousand delicate attentions. And while the fathers and mothers, with well-meant officiousness, reminded him of Parson Green's ways, their daughters complimented him warmly on every trifling innovation which he had unconsciously introduced.

In spite of his humility and want of self-appreciation, Harvey had begun to be dimly conscious that he had the ability to improve upon the old-time customs of his ancient predecessor, and he was harassed by the constant interference of his people. He felt for each and all his people the kindliest regard, but there had also begun to awake in him indistinct longings for an individuality of attachment. No human heart is satisfied with a general philanthropy, and Harvey began to be conscious that there were reaching forth, from the very center of his own being, fine fibres vainly seeking, in blindness, for something genial, sympathetic, satisfying, round which they might twine themselves closely and unrebuked. A great weariness oppressed his spirit. Duty and labor had become burdens almost too heavy to be borne. He longed not so much, however, for their cessation as for something to repose upon during their intervals, something to fill up the great void in his soul,—for that other part of himself whose existence had not yet manifested itself, but of which he was now dimly aware.

In this state of mind, he walked up the narrow aisle of his church, one Sabbath morning of the first summer of his ministry to the people of Chichester. He passed on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and went through the little gate and the little door, and presently his brown, curling hair and high white brow appeared above the pulpit railing. As he raised his head from the first silent prayer for strength for the duties which lay so heavy before him, he encountered the amused glance of a pair of brilliant blue eyes from the deacon's pew. Involuntarily he looked again. Never before had he seen aught there but the gray heads and age-dimmed optics of those venerable men, his coadjutors in parochial duties. But to-day a very beautiful girl sat there beside Deacon Morrisson. It was true, her bodily presence, and no less true, that, in spite of all her efforts at restraint, she was laughing silently but with eyes brimming with fun, and tears forced by her suppressed mirth.

For the first time Harvey took in all that was ridiculous about that old pulpit, where, like the toy children call "Jack in a box," as he impatiently whispered to himself, he was forced to appear weekly before his congregation.

By a strong effort he conquered his annoyance, and proceeded with his duties. The subject of his sermon that day was one of great practical importance, and upon which he felt and was prepared to speak with much earnestness. As he proceeded he involuntarily glanced, more than once, at those brilliant eyes. They no longer overflowed with mirth. Gradually a serious, earnest light rose up and shone forth from them. They were bent upon his face with an expression of almost tender reverence, and as their rays pierced his soul and warmed him to eloquent words, tears, not of mirth, but of deeper, intenser feeling, glittered upon the long lashes that overshadowed them.

Harvey forgot all annoyances. He seemed to stand only in the presence of God, and of those eyes which were to him as the eyes of angels. Never had he poured forth his thoughts in such words of burning, lofty eloquence; for never had he drawn inspiration before, save from the "God made manifest" in his own soul. Now another human soul, divinely endowed like his own, aided and encouraged him through those glances which lent him new, and before unknown powers.

When he sat down exhausted and buried his pale brow in his handkerchief, and while his people glanced one at another, and some thought that "Parson Green would never have ventured upon such extravagances;" and some criticised the matter and some the manner; and a few approved and inwardly applauded him, he knew that one, at least, of those who heard appreciated him. He knew that, already, those out-reaching fibres were twining about the "other me" they sought. At that moment, strange to say, even his humility was forgotten; and he did not even doubt that the soul that shone from out those brilliant eyes was ready to mingle with his own.

But by the time he had given out the last psalm, and had heard it sung in the uncultured voices of the choir above which floated, full and clear, the harmony of one voice gradually subduing and controlling all discords, and had descended from the pulpit, and shaken hands with half his congregation, had listened to the reproofs and suggestions of the elders, and the praises, enthusiastic and sincere, of the young, the inspiration had left him and the old humility had all returned.

At the church door stood Deacon Morrisson, and on his arm leaned the fair girl whose eyes, alone, Bradford had before observed.

"My daughter Elizabeth," the old man said, and then he invited his pastor to accompany him to his home, near by, to spend the time until the hour for afternoon service.

Deacon Morrisson was a poor man, and his daughter, whom he had managed to educate well, was a teacher in a distant seminary. This was the reason why Harvey Bradford had never seen her before. Now she had come home for the summer vacation.

Elizabeth Morrisson was a girl of rare intellectual powers and high culture. Despite much ambition, developed, perhaps, by the struggles consequent upon her poverty, she had a warm heart and a merry mirth-loving nature. So she laughed when she saw Harvey Bradford appear in that awkward pulpit, not only because of the innate ludicrousness of the scene itself, but because she had heard the young pastor spoken of as a beardless youth, whose manners and preaching contrasted strangely with Parson Green's dignity and maturity of intellect and grace. So, also, was the higher portion of her nature roused by the earnest eloquence to which she listened, and which she deeply felt and understood, and which was in most favorable contrast with the stereotyped platitudes of a seminary graduate such as she had expected to hear. She felt herself irresistibly attracted towards him, and all that was expressed in her countenance was felt in her heart. She gloried in every noble sentiment he uttered, her heart throbbed to every eloquent word as if she had originated it. She was elevated quite out of herself, and into a purer sphere than that in which even her clear, high intellect usually dwelt.

It is needless to tell how Harvey Bradford sought the presence and society of this rare woman at every opportunity. There was much in common between two such minds, even if love were out of the question. But Harvey knew he loved, and hoped, and almost believed he was beloved. He was as one inspired. His people began to admire, to love, finally to appreciate him. His spirit, reposing on his high hopes, grew strong and subtle in its manifestations. Through the might of his great love for Elizabeth, he penetrated the coldest heart with the warmth which continually emanated from his own. It was beautiful to see how the expansion of his own nature operated upon the keen, shrewd, uncultured natures around him. His love was "the leaven of the whole mass" which drew into sympathy and harmonised as it mingled among the elements which composed those once incongruous minds.

But the time for Elizabeth's return to her school approached. Then Harvey Bradford felt that he must know his fate.

One evening the two sat conversing long until the sun had set, and the twilight shadows had almost deepened into night. They had talked much of life and its uses and purposes. Insensibly the conversation approached personal themes, and the time had come for Bradford to learn if his life was to be blessed or darkened.

He spoke, and then he learned for the first time that Elizabeth was already affianced. The eldest son of Squire Ellis was in Europe, and when he returned he was to marry Elizabeth Morrison.

Elizabeth was too noble to have deceived Bradford. She supposed him acquainted with her engagement, and had thus suffered their friendship to grow unrestrained till, with a sigh of regret, she found that Bradford's image too often intruded upon that niche in her heart where long ago she had enshrined her absent lover.

Had there been no Alfred Ellis, she would have laid her head, with deep, trusting joy, upon Bradford's bosom and felt that her life-destiny was to be nobly manifested in becoming his wife, and sharing and aiding the career she anticipated for one so gifted.

But Elizabeth was of the old Puritan stock, and had received the strict Puritan views of duty. She felt as she had been taught, for in this instance she dared not listen to the whisperings of inclination, or the admonitions of reason, that an engagement was only less sacred and inviolable than marriage itself. Ambition, too, whispered of the wealth and ease which would accompany her union with Alfred Ellis; and she shrunk a little, for she was not quite angelic, from the privations and the long struggles through which Harvey Bradford must pass before his genius should assert itself, and his career be crowned with success.

But of all this she said nothing. She spoke only of her engagement, and of her regret that a knowledge of it had not interposed to prevent the growth of an attachment, on his part, which she feared would cause him pain. How much this calm answer cost her none may know. Some women have a wonderful power of concealing emotion, and speaking in calm, unvarying tones in the midst of the deepest depths of suffering!

As for Harvey Bradford he went forth from her presence that night completely stunned and bewildered. He sought his own home almost unconsciously, and sat down with a vain effort to think. But only the fact of his rejection occupied his mind. His brain seemed on fire. He had suddenly lost his mental foothold. For a little while he had trodden on firm ground, but now life, and hope, and ambition,—everything seemed sliding from beneath him. He was sinking in the treacherous quicksands of despair.

But suddenly a luminous thought shot athwart the darkness, and while its rays pierced his brain, and brought a keener pain, they also brought an almost divine joy. He knew that Elizabeth loved him. The subtle magnetism which pervaded their natures would permit no such vital secret to remain unread between them, now that love had been out spoken. Yes, he knew that his love was returned!

This knowledge brought conflicting thoughts. He felt now for the first time, but only because he had not before considered it, that marriage, not only without love, but without the supremest love is a hideous, living lie, and the basest libel upon God's image in man. But he belonged to a sect, and, great and strong as he was, he, too, like Elizabeth, was still the slave of acquired and permitted beliefs.

Not only must he yield Elizabeth to the man she now loved, if at all, but secondarily, but his duty, as a minister, was to urge the fulfilment of her solemn promise to the absent lover. Nor could he, in any event, be guilty of the selfishness, as he termed it, of urging his own claims, and those of love.

Let us pass over much that followed. Elizabeth went sadly back to her school. She had a vague consciousness of wrong-doing, notwithstanding her high though mistaken sense of duty. She was only conscious of a nervous anxiety for her lover's return, and a wild desire to have her now dreaded marriage over.

Harvey returned to his duties. After the first shock had passed, he was not utterly despairing. The knowledge that Elizabeth loved him, consoled his darkest hours. He, too, feverishly longed to see her married, because then he believed he might safely hold communion with her noble intellect.

He grew in the favor of his people, and his fame extended afar. As the nightingale sings sweeter when the thorn pierces her breast, so he, with his great sorrow ever rankling in his heart, gave forth nobler and more lofty and earnest utterances of truth. Life deepened and broadened before him. A thousand channels of usefulness and occupation opened before him, and those who guessed not the source of his rising popularity acknowledged and hailed it.

Long ere Elizabeth returned again to Chichester, Harvey Bradford had obeyed a call from, and become the pastor of a city church. Here his sphere of usefulness he knew would be widened and enlarged. And he deemed it better to remove himself from the possibility of frequent contact with Elizabeth, until time should have calmed their feelings and taught each a due submission to fate, not only, but an earnest love for their separate duties.

And so the years rolled on till two lustres had passed away. Elizabeth had long since married. She had not been happy, except in her children, two of whom were now growing in beauty and grace in her household. She had written much, and the world had smiled and applauded, not knowing that from her own heart she copied many of the pages which most deeply touched or entranced her readers. Perhaps she, too, sang sweeter for the thorn that pierced her breast.

Her husband had imported many graces from Europe, and some vices, which grew and soon became hideous and strong. He was no fitting mate for one so pure and lofty as Elizabeth. Perhaps knowing this made him more unkind and neglectful; but he was at times almost brutal. And the time came when all his property was squandered—all that the old Squire had left him, but the old homestead bequeathed after him to his son, and the family lived solely upon the earnings of Elizabeth's pen.

And time had not stood still with Harvey Bradford. Honors and fame had crowned his career, and now, still in the very prime of his manhood, and scarcely at the meridian of life, there seemed nothing remaining to gild its descent save what already shone around it. And if the rich and great delighted to know him, the blessings of "the poor and them that were ready to perish" continually attended him. The rare and beautiful humility of his earlier years still cast its pure halo around him, and, all unconscious how sublime his life had been, he still moved on calmly pursuing every duty and shrinking from no toil or responsibility. Men quoted him as the realization of the highest ideal of a Christian minister. None knew the secret sorrow, the unyielded to temptation, the long struggle of his life.

Years had passed since he had once heard from the scene of his early labors and trials—Chichester. With a great struggle he had, long ago, given up the idea of a correspondence with Elizabeth, which had once been a favorite hope. He would do nothing to imperil her happiness. But now it happened that from some chance, he was to spend a Sabbath and preach at Chichester.

Once more he walked up the narrow aisle of the little church, where all was unchanged, and ascended the box-like pulpit. At first he bowed his head in prayer, then looked around. In the Deacon's seat were strangers, for Deacon Morrison and his colleague had long since slept their long sleep. In the Squire's pew a female figure, in black and closely veiled, sat alone. Bradford's heart beat faster as he thought of Elizabeth but the face of the veiled lady was invisible, and he knew not whether it were she.

Never had he preached better. A thousand thronging thoughts lent eloquence to his tongue, and held the audience entranced. At the close of the service he found that an infant was to be baptized, and descending from the pulpit he stood before the communion-table where a bowl of water was already placed. A little bustle took place at the door, a nurse came in bearing an infant, and the veiled lady from the Squire's pew came forward and took it from her arms. As she approached the altar she threw aside her veil, and Bradford beheld Elizabeth. His voice faltered, but he had learned to repress emotion, and he went on and concluded the service. The nurse removed the child, Elizabeth returned to her place, and not once had their eyes met.

As soon as the service was closed, Bradford was surrounded by an eager crowd of old friends. Before their greetings were over Elizabeth had disappeared; but he learned that her husband had recently died suddenly, and that the little one whom he had baptized had been born just previous to his death.

Next day found him at Elizabeth's door. He spent some time with her, and though love was not mentioned between them there was no need to interpret by words the glad emotions which signalised the meeting of those long-parted spirits.

Elizabeth, in her deep seclusion, had not learned he was to preach until she heard his voice from the pulpit. Else she would gladly have spared him the trying duty of meeting her first at the altar.

Is it necessary to tell how those long separated lives soon merged into one? Is it necessary to assure the reader that they, so chastened by much sorrow and great trials, that they, who had never shrunk from duty, nor denied a principle of truth, as they understood it, its fullest manifestation in their own conduct, lived happy and peaceful lives? When love crowned their joys, and though sorrows undoubtedly came and mingled in their cup, as they do in every cup pressed to human lips, they were nobly borne, and served to sweeten by blessed contrast all the remaining draught.

They were married in front of the old pulpit, by the pastor of Chichester, and once more Bradford looked upon Elizabeth as she sat in the deacon's pew, clothed in her quiet bridal garments; and if not so brilliant, not less beautiful than when, years ago, he first drew inspiration from the earnest light of her still undimmed eyes.

RECIPE FOR A MODERN GENT.

If it takes nine tailors to make a *man*, it must take a double number to make a gentleman—we mean a modern one—because that biped deems himself the very quintessence of elegance and fine exterior. And being it is *you*, dear reader, I will tell you that he cares nothing for *interior* beauty, the beauty of mind; because *it don't show!* But to our recipe:

Take one glossy, beaver hat, one jet-black moustache, one yard-wide neck tie, one flashy, silk vest, one shanghai coat, the finer the cloth the better, one handkerchief redolent of patchoulie, one pair of straw-colored kids, one pair of tight "inexpressibles," (in common parlance "pantaloons,") and one pair of excruciating "patent leathers."

Place them all in apple-pie order on some brainless goose in human form; and, lo! you possess a modern gent. Place a jet walking cane betwixt his lily digitals, and set him promenading in Broadway.

He will ogle the "feminines," fall into "caniption fits" at the sight of a pretty ankle, and imagine himself in the seventh heaven of bliss on receiving a grin (I cannot fib well enough to say "smile,") from some young miss, of attractions similar to his own.

But woe to the *real* lady who glances contemptuously on his foppish person! He thinks "she is very vulgar, 'pon word and honor." Poor dunce! can't some one pity him? I can't!

ROLANTHE.

OWEGO, April, 1856.

TURTLE FISHING IN THE EAST.

Many have heard of the *Remora*, a fish whose *vis inertiæ* was, in old times, believed to be sufficient to stop an argosy if it attached itself to the ship. The fishermen take with them in their small light boat, a tub containing a supply of these fishes. It is necessary to premise, for the edification of those who are not acquainted with the organization of a remora, that there is an oval plate at the top of its head, with a soft fleshy circumference. Within this is a very remarkable apparatus of firm pieces or plates, disposed in two regular rows across the top of the head. These pieces are capable of movement on their axis by the aid of appropriate muscles, as the laths of moveable wooden blinds are made to turn so as to exclude the sun's rays by pulling the adjusting string, or like the plates of the new glass ventilators. The free edges of the remora, which in different species of the genus vary from fifteen to thirty-six, are armed with small hooks, which can be all raised at once like the teeth of a wool-card. Well, to the tail of each of these living tackles in the tubs is fastened a ring, ready for the attachment of a cord, which, though fine, is long and strong. All being ready, the fisherman bides his time till he gets sight of a turtle comfortably basking in a dozy state on the surface within the proper distance. Noiselessly, then, does he slip one of his corded remoras overboard, and the fish, ill-provided with fins for an enduring swim, makes instantly for the turtle, while the fisherman, almost afraid to draw his breath, pays out the line. Away goes the remora, without stop or stay, till it anchors on the plastron of the slumberer. The fisherman remembers the patient demeanor required by all of his craft, and "gives time." When he thinks the marine squatter has made a comfortable settlement he hauls away, and the surprised turtle finds itself on board the boat, where a push applied from behind forwards detaches the remora, when the turtle is laid upon its back, *secundum artem*, at the bottom of the boat, and the remora is returned to its tub; burning, no doubt, cold-blooded as it is, to relate its adventure and the uncompromising treatment to which it has been subjected. How many mortals are treated by the great like this poor remora, and, having secured the prize for them, are returned to their tub till "next time?"

A DEATH-BELL.

A pretty story is told of the casting of a bell for the church of St. Magdalen, at Breslau. When the metal was just ready to be poured into the mould the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under pain of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders, the whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew the apprentice on the spot. On breaking away the mould, he found that he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfectly as possible. When it was hung in its place, the master had been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of the apprentice, and he entreated the authorities that he might be allowed to hear it once before he died. His petition was granted, and the bell has since been rung at every execution.

AMBITION'S FATE.

In the historic page, you of course find hundreds of men celebrated in their victories: amongst others, Alexander, Philip, Cæsar, Hannibal, Pompey, Anthony, Pyrrhus, Sylla, Seleucus, and, in your own time, Napoleon. But it is equally true, that in all campaigns, the conduct of all and each of these individuals was governed by ambition, not patriotism—personal aggrandizement, not the good of their subjects or fellow-countrymen. And what were their several rewards? Alexander and Hannibal a cup of poison; Anthony died the death of a suicide; Pyrrhus was killed by a brick, thrown by a Spartan woman; Sylla was killed by vermin; Philip, Cæsar, Pompey and Seleucus were assassinated; and Napoleon died on the rock of St. Helena, an exile from his country.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

We are voyagers all towards the silent Land,
  Pilgrims crossing Life's restless main;
When first we embark on the mighty deep,
  The ear catches nought but the ripples soft strain.
Some steer on with a skilful hand,
  Day after day 'neath a cloudless sky;
No angry billows ever toss their barque,
  But soft, gentle zephyrs around them fly.
They quietly cross the trackless sea,
  And drop anchor on reaching eternity.

And others will stem the surging tide,
  While the huge waves roar and tempests keen,
In maddened fury around them play,
  And they look in vain for a sky serene.
Slowly they guide their trembling barque,
  As it plunges and strains 'midst the foaming spray,
And with hands all weary, and hearts all sad,
  They heavily pass on their weary way,
Till Faith's bright star sheds its brilliant light,
  On an anchorage safe, which they grasp with delight.

Baltimore, Md., April, 1856.

THE TWO NEPHEWS.

COMPILED FROM A PHYSICIAN'S DIARY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

My friend and classmate, Edward Warland, had got married and settled down, and on the first opportunity I paid him a visit. He had married Nancy Gates, one of the best and the fairest girls in the country—a bright-eyed laughter-loving creature, with a heart as pure and noble as her face was fair and lovely. I found Ned domiciled in a love of a cottage, over the front door and windows of which sweet honey-suckles clustered, and before which was spread out a pretty garden. Nancy met me at the door, and with a joyous smile she gave me her hand and conducted me to the neat little parlor where the perfume of roses fairly burdened the air. "What a happy fellow Ned must be," I said to myself, as the fairy wife tripped away after her husband.

Ned came in with a warm smile upon his face, and in a very few moments we were engaged in a lively conversation. We talked over the scenes of our childhood days, and then Ned and I chatted about some of our college scrapes. And so the afternoon passed away. After supper Nancy challenged me to a game of chess, and beat me. Ned said I let her beat me on purpose, but I did not. I may have sat down with that intention, but before the game was half through I found I had more than my match.

One thing I had noticed which puzzled me,—or, at least, which excited my curiosity. Every once in a while Ned would fall into a fit of moody thought, and when I spoke to him he would start up, and I could see that his cheerfulness cost him an effort. I was determined to know what this meant for I had my suspicions, and I wished to know if they were correct. So I asked him what was the cause of his trouble.

"Ah," he uttered, "have you noticed anything out of the way?"

"No," I told him; "not out of the way, though it may arise from something that is out of the way."

"Well, well," he returned, "it is nothing which I need to conceal from my friends, for they must all know it some day. My uncle Mark has made a new will, and cut me off without a penny. It is not the money I care about, for he may do with that as he pleases; though I will own that I had hoped a part of it might be mine. But to lose the old man's friendship is what galls me most. I have loved him—loved him well."

"But why is it?" I asked in some surprise, "I thought the old man regarded you almost in the same light as a child of his own."

"So he did," returned Ned.

"Let me explain," interrupted Nancy, in a tremulous tone. "He has thus turned him off because he married with me."

"Impossible," I uttered.

"But it is possible," said Ned. "He asked me once if I meant to make Nancy Gates my wife, and I told him yes. Then he told me I should not. Of course I could accept no dictation in this matter. Finally, when he had got me all worked up with excitement, he told me he would cut me out of his will forever if I made the girl my wife. I simply told him that the earth never bore money enough upon its bosom to buy the fair girl from me, and then he bade me leave him. Since I have been married I have received a note from him informing me that I should never cross his threshold again. Now you know it all."

"But," said I, "some one must have put him up to this. To whom will he leave his property?"

"To Thomas."

"Thomas Needham?"

"Yes."

"I did not know that Thomas had returned from Germany."

"O, yes," said Ned, "he came back six months ago."

I said no more on the subject then, for I did not wish to express any suspicions that might be unfounded. Mark Needham was an old man, and very wealthy. He had been married years before, but his wife died young without children; so Mark grew old with only the children of other people about him. Once he had a brother and sister, both of whom were now dead. The brother had left a child named Thomas, while the sister had married a man named Warland, and left Edward, who was now just five-and-twenty. Thomas Needham was five years older; and both were now orphans. Ned was by far the best of the two, and people loved him the best; and I was not a little surprised to learn that his uncle had discarded him and preferred Thomas. But I hoped to understand it better.

It was quite late when I left the young couple, and it was a long while after I retired to my bed before I slept. I called to mind the sweet face of Nancy Warland, and then I wondered how in the name of common sense the old uncle could have anything against her. I knew that in days gone by there had been a deadly feud between him and a certain Benjamin Gates, and that this hatred had run so high that Gates had sworn an oath upon the Bible that he would learn his children to hate and despise Mark Needham, and that they should be taught to spurn him as they would a viper. And this Benjamin Gates had been a cousin—a second cousin, I think—of Nancy's father. Of course I could not suppose that uncle Mark would let this circumstance so influence him that he would turn his vengeance upon a child of his enemy's most distant relative. However, I resolved to fathom it if I could, for, to tell the plain truth, I had some suspicion of foul play on the part of the elder nephew.

It was about a week after my visit to Ned Warland's that I received a call to go and visit Mark Needham. He was very sick, I was informed, and my attendance was required at once. When I reached the house I found the old man in his bed, and looking quite unwell. I found his skin dry and hot, his pulse fluttering, and his tongue very much inflamed, but not yet coated. He complained of pain in the back of his head, and so along down on the spinal column.

I asked him what he had been eating. He assured me that he had eaten nothing that could have hurt him. At any rate, I knew that his stomach was very foul, and I feared that the bowels were inflamed. I administered a powerful emetic; left a simple sedative, and having given directions for applying a hot bath to the surface, I took my leave, promising to call again in the morning of the next day.

As I descended the stairs I met Thomas Needham in the hall. He was a dark looking man, thirty years of age, and not such an one as I should have ever chosen as a companion. The darkness of his skin was in all probability caused by exposure in travelling; but then there was a darkness deeper than this which was apparent at least to me.

"How do you find my uncle?" he asked, with an expression of countenance which I could see at once was forced. Ah! he shouldn't have tried to look so concerned, because it was not natural to him, and I could see beneath it at once.

I informed him that I found the old man very sick, and that the utmost care would be necessary in his nursing.

"You must do your best, doctor," the nephew returned, "for it would be sad to have him die now."

When I got away from the house I wished that Thomas Needham had not spoken those last words as he did, for they gave me a dark suspicion which I did not like to hold. I feared that the uncle would be neglected, and that the dark nephew would not hesitate to help him along over the eternal highway if he could. Yet, as much as I disliked the fellow, I tried to banish these suspicions.

After I had retired to my bed that night I dreamed a very curious dream. I thought that old Mark Needham had engaged a new physician, and that I detected that physician giving a deadly poison for medicine. I caught the doctor's hand, and as he turned his face towards me I beheld the features of the dark nephew! I awoke, and felt glad that 'twas only a dream. Then I went asleep again, and dreamed the very same dream once more.

In the morning I went up to see Uncle Mark again. I found him more weak than on the night before. His tongue was more inflamed; his skin more hot; his pulse small and hard, and pains shooting through his whole body. He informed me that he could keep nothing on his stomach—not even the gentle sedatives which I had left.

Was it strange that my dream should have come back to my mind then? It did come—and with a strange force, too. I administered a quick emetic, but it was thrown off in an instant. I then informed him that I must use the stomach-pump. He bade me use anything that would relieve him of the dreadful pain he suffered. I adjusted the pump, and having placed him in a proper position I introduced the flexible tube, and then commenced the work. I thus drew up from his stomach about half a pint of thick matter, and in a moment I detected the presence of arsenic! I removed all I could thus, and then I prepared the best antidote I had at hand, and having called the old housekeeper I bade her prepare as quickly as possible some barley-water, and gruel of the same. When this came I administered copious draughts of it, and determined to remain by until I could know how the result would turn.

"Who watched with you last night?" I asked, after the patient had become more easy.

"Thomas was with me most of the night—and the night before, too," returned the old man. "He is very attentive."

"Very!" I responded. But I wished not to make much conversation then, and I called the old housekeeper out.

"Thomas is very attentive to his uncle, is he not?" I said to her.

"Yes," she returned, with a shrug of the shoulders.

I could easily interpret that motion; and by a few careful questions I discovered that she disliked the dark nephew very much, and that she had reason for so doing. I then knew that I might trust her, and having obtained from her a pledge of secresy, I told her what I had discovered. She was horror-struck at the fearful revelation, but she was not at all incredulous.

"I never thought any better of him," she said, earnestly. "And only to think that dear, good Edward should have been turned off for this wretch."

"Never mind," I said. "I think all may come out right yet. If you can contrive that Thomas shall administer no more medicine to his uncle between now and to-morrow at this time I can do the rest. Yet you must not let him suspect, for in order to prove the wickedness we must catch him at it. You will know how to do this. Let him fix things as he pleases, only be careful that nothing from his hands reaches the old man's lips.

The old woman promised, and then I took my leave. I did not see Thomas on that visit, and I supposed he kept himself out of the way on purpose.

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the coming of the next morning. But it came, and as soon as I had swallowed my breakfast I started for Mark Needham's. I met the housekeeper in the hall, and she pulled me into the parlor at once; and then, without a word of explanation, she went into another room, and when she returned she had two teacups in her hands.

"There, doctor," she said, all anxious excitement, "last night Thomas would watch a part of the night, but I hid myself where I could see all he did. These two cups were on the sideboard with the barley-water and gruel in them. I saw Thomas empty some stuff out of a little phial into them; but the old man has not touched them. As soon as I could get my mind to work I went and fixed two more cups, just like those on the side-board, and then I came down into the hall and banged away on the front door, and pulled the bell-wire. Then I ran away and went upstairs the back way and hid. Pretty soon Thomas came out and went down stairs to see who was at the door; and then I slipped in and carried my two cups of gruel and barley-water, and having placed them just where the others were I caught these up and hurried out. But I didn't leave my post even then. In half an hour afterwards the old man waked up and wanted some drink. Then Thomas took the cup of barley-water and stirred it up well, and gave it to him!"

"What was it in the phial?" I asked. "Was it a liquid?"

"He had to knock on the phial with his finger to make the stuff run out," the woman said.

"Then of course it must have been a powder," said I.

I then asked the woman to bring me a shovel ful of red hot coals. She conducted me to another room, and the coals were soon brought. Then I stirred up the contents of one of the cups, and upon pouring a few drops upon the burning coals a whitish vapor arose which gave us the smell of garlick rank and strong! Of course I knew that we had arsenic—and in large quantity, too! I bade the woman keep the cup very carefully, and then I went up to the old man's chamber. Thomas had gone out about half an hour before.

I found my patient very comfortable, and able to sit up in bed. His pulse was weak but regular. The heat was gone from his skin, and his tongue looked more natural. I informed him that with proper care he would be out in a day or two, and then we entered into a conversation.

"Uncle Mark," said I, as soon as I could bring the matter in without seeming to reach far after it, "where is Edward Warland now?"

"Don't mention him," uttered the old man, nervously.

"But why not?" I returned. "I look upon him as one of the most noble-hearted, pure-minded men in the country."

"But look at his marriage!" said Mark, warmly.

"I have looked at his wife," I answered, "and I don't think there is another woman in the land that could have made him so happy."

"But he shouldn't have married her, sir. She is the child of my most deadly enemy, and has been taught to curse me!"

"What?" I cried, now suspecting the truth. "Nancy Warland taught to curse you? Who told you this?"

"I know it, doctor."

"But who told you that she was the child of your enemy?"

"Thomas told me of it."

"And the villain lied to you!" I cried, now fairly excited. "Nancy Gates—now Nancy Warland—is the child of Arthur Gates!"

"What?—Ar—Arthur——"

"Aye," I added, as the old man stammered in his wonder, "the child of Arthur Gates; and she is hardly a relative of the Benjamin Gates against whose memory you hold such enmity."

"Then Thomas must have been mistaken," the old man said; and he trembled while he spoke.

I was determined now to tell the man all I knew. His own safety demanded it, for a villain like Thomas Needham could not be watched all the time while he had his liberty. So I commenced and told him the fearful story. I did not break it to him suddenly, but I opened it gradually, letting the light in by degrees, and finally wound up by relating the discovery of the house-keeper, and my analysis of what she found. During this recital the old man was fearfully moved, and when it was concluded he started up and caught me by the arm. He was pale as death, and his eyes seemed half starting from his head.

"My God, sir!" he gasped, "is this thing possible?"

"It is," I answered. "Perhaps you are more surprised than I was. But when I knew you had discarded poor Ned simply because he had married Nancy Gates, I felt sure Thomas had been deceiving you. On the first visit I made you I went home with a terrible fear. I saw the wicked nephew then, and from his manner I knew he was anxious for your death; but I did not then think of this. I only feared then that he would contrive to prevent your recovery through some kind of neglect."

But the old man was not in a state to sustain much conversation, and I left him, promising to call again on the morning of the next day.

So on the next morning I called, and I found Mark Needham in his great arm-chair.

"Doctor," he said, as soon as I had taken a seat, "here is a letter I received an hour ago. Will you read it?"

I took the note, and read as follows:—

"Uncle Mark,—You know me now, and I am aware you won't want to see me again. I have played a high hand for your money, and lost. Curse that doctor! Had he kept away you'd have been a dead man, and I a rich man, by this time. You may hunt for me, but you won't find me, for I have more than money enough to leave the country with, and shall be gone ere you get this. Your Nephew,
Thomas Needham.

"But how did he discover that he was detected?" I asked, as I finished reading the characteristic note.

"He overheard a conversation between my house-keeper and myself," answered the old man. "She was explaining to me what she saw while hidden in the entry, and Thomas was in that same entry then. I told her what you had told me, both about the poison and about Edward, and he must have heard it all. And," he continued, in a tremulous tone, "I am glad he did, for I had feared a dark scene when I came to accuse him. Oh! I have been very foolish—very; but I can make it all up now. I wish you would send Ned to me. Tell him, if he can forgive me, to come."

Of course this was a pleasant business for me. I fixed up such restoratives, both of food and drink, as I wanted my patient to take, and then I posted off. I found Ned and his wife just sitting down to dinner. They made me eat with them, and when we were done I told them my errand. I told them the whole story from beginning to end.

"And so," I concluded, "your uncle is not so much to blame after all. We could hardly wonder at his being angry with you when he thought you had married a child of Benjamin Gates."

Nancy Warland came direct to where I sat, and without a word of explanation she placed one of her fair white arms about my neck and kissed me. But Ned was not jealous—not at all. He was very happy, though I could see that there was a pang of grief in his soul. He had some thought, among all the rest, of his cousin Thomas.

However, Ned promised to go and see his uncle, and then I took my leave. On the following morning I called upon the old man again, and found him well. He was not yet strong, but he needed no more of my care.

During the next week I was very busy, and it was not until the week following that I found time to call upon Uncle Mark again. This time I found him happy and cheerful, and a tear of joy stood in his eye as he told me that Ned had promised to come and live with him.

Time passed on, and somewhere about a year after the events I have recorded a Paris paper announced the death of *Thomas Needham.* Some papers were described which were found upon his person, and we knew that the dark nephew was dead!

But there was joy in the old mansion when this cloud had passed away. Not long since I paid them a visit. I found Uncle Mark playing with Ned's child, and it puzzled me to tell which laughed the most like a child.

We eat supper, and then Nancy went out to superintend the preparing of a dessert.

"Look at her," uttered the old man, pointing towards the retiring form. "Aren't she a woman to love? Oh—she's an angel—an angel, doctor. And only think how near I came to losing her."

"And yourself, too," I whispered.

"Yes," he added, with a slight tremulousness in his tone. "But never mind—we're happy now. It's love all around; and as for sunshine—why, there's enough in Nancy's smiles for the whole household."

WHAT BECOMES OF THEM?

Within six months, no less than sixteen persons have disappeared in this city, of whom not the slightest trace has been found. Their fate thus far remains shrouded in an impenetrable mystery. One of the missing persons was the son of a millionaire, a young man of irreproachable habits, who was last seen on his way home from a party, and not many rods from his father's house. And yet he disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously from the frequented avenue, as the genii of old are said to have vanished from before the eyes of the multitude. Old men disappear; women disappear; young men and maidens disappear; and these fearful horrors are looked upon by our police as a matter of course—as things with which they have nothing to do, and which, on the whole, are rather pleasant than otherwise—thinking, perhaps, that they render an equivalent by sedulously maintaining themselves in a state of everlasting disappearance.

HOUSE RENTS.

There is a general outcry this year at the exorbitant rents charged for dwelling houses. Such a tenement as could have been rented five years ago for $250, now commands from $400 to $500. So stupendous, in fact, have rents become, that it is almost impossible for a man of limited means to secure a comfortable habitation for his family within a manageable distance of his place of business.

In what is this tendency to end? Must respectable people be compelled to herd like prairie dogs, or live in attics and cellars? Shall married men, of limited means, be driven from the city altogether? Our landlords must beware, lest, in clutching for too greedy a gripe, they frighten the geese, which lay their golden eggs, to other coops.

A REDBREAST FAMILY.

A readbreast built her nest in some ivy against a garden wall, and laid four eggs. One day a man, while trimming the ivy, cut so close with his shears that the nest was injured, and in consequence of it the four little eggs fell to the ground. The lady of the house hearing notes of sore distress from the garden, ran out to see what the matter was. Alas, the poor birds could not restore their lost treasures to the nest. But the lady could; she picked up the eggs, which were almost cold, and having righted the nest, put them carefully back; the mother bird all the while watching her motions, and wheeling round from time to time in great alarm. As soon as the lady left, she came quickly back and nestled the little eggs under the feathers of her warm breast. In two days they were hatched, and the infant brood became of course objects of daily interest and affection to all the family.

Some days after, another sorrowful outcry was heard in the garden. What was it? All the little ones had fallen through an opening in the damaged nest, and were stiff and cold upon the ground. The lady was afraid they were dead; but she took them up and carried them into the house, where by the warmth of her hand and the fire, they began to show signs of life. Then she tried to patch the nest with a piece of soft woolen cloth, but it was a bungling business she found to mend the nice and beautiful fabric of a bird's handiwork: she did the best she could however, and carried the birdies home; and their parents, who had been watching with tender concern from the neighburing boughs, returned to their precious charge; and they were far less frightened than before.

Were the redbreasts' trials over? A few nights after a drenching rain set in, and the rain so completely soaked the nest and the cloth put in to line it, that the little ones were nearly drowned, and found the next morning quite dead, the lady thought. What was to be done now? They were again brought to the fire, carefully dried and warmed, when they began to open their eyes and cry, "peep," "peep," most piteously. They were not dead. The old nest was now pulled down, having fairly proved an unsafe nursery for the brood, and a new nursery was found in the empty nest of another bird in a currant-bush a few yards from the wall where the old one was, and there the brood was carried. All this while the old birds were perched near by without showing symptoms of anxiety or alarm, but watching eagerly, and seeming to look very thankful for the friendly help which had been extended to them. As soon as their young were safely housed in the dry nest, they directly followed, and henceforth nothing happened to harm or terrify them. In peace and comfort they reared their little ones, until, when fledged, they were ready to fly out in the great world on their own account.

What a happy world this would be if we would all endeavor to help our fellow-beings when *they* "fall" as the kind lady helped the family of redbreasts!

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

The true relation between parent and child is little understood. We hear much of the bad behavior of children to their parents. Our own observation compels us to acknowledge that there is an alarming deficiency of respect for parental authority in Young America. But we strongly incline to the belief that the main fault, in this respect, lies less in the child than in his parents. We have rarely seen a child who had been rightly *managed* in his earlier life, who was not both respectful and obedient. How often do we hear a weakly indulgent mother say of her darling reprobate, whose passionate outbursts keep the whole house in an uproar, and who is constantly committing some breach against good breeding, or the peace of the household, "Dear little fellow, it is only the exuberant *spirits* of the child. When he becomes older he will see the folly of all this, and correct himself." And so instead of checking that wild exuberance, and curbing that aspiring spirit, she suffers all that is noble in her boy to run riot into the most depraved results.

Let us apply this method to the physical frame. A fever seizes on the boy. His face is flushed, his eyes of an unusual lustre, his pulse accelerated, his tongue badly coated, and he is restless and excited, and can find no repose. These symptoms are pointed out to the mother, but she, with astonishing nonchalance, exclaims, "Oh, this is only the excess of physical life, and vital force. He will outgrow it, and it will not be any permanent injury to him." What should we think of such a mother? Nay, what would she not do for her darling child? What would she not endure in watching and tending? What would she not deny to him that would in the least degree accelerate the alarming symptoms. Would she refuse to apply a blister, because it would hurt the precious one? Would she say to the physician, who had ordered a nauseating draught, "Oh, he don't want to take that, and therefore he shall be indulged." "But he will die, madam," expostulates the good doctor. "No matter, it will hurt his feelings, and I have resolved that he shall never be made to do what he don't *wish* to do. If you can *coax* the medicine down his throat, well and good, but he shall never be compelled to swallow it."

This is not the way fond mothers talk or act in such a case. They then have firmness enough to do, and to compel their child to do what seems so essential to the preservation of its life. But this is precisely the way very fond mothers do in reference to the moral maladies of their offspring.